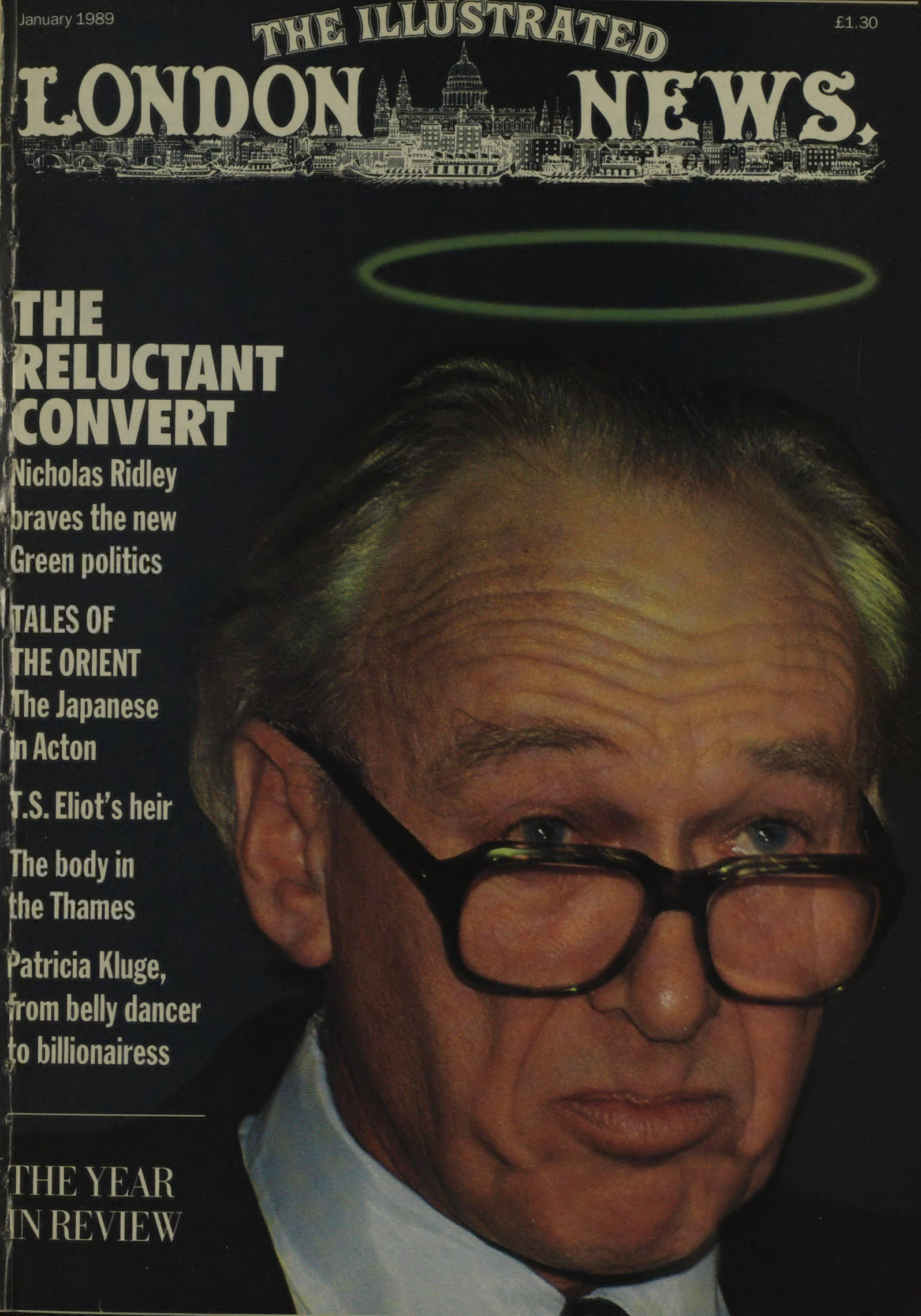
January 1989

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



THE RELUCTANT CONVERT

Nicholas Ridley braves the new Green politics

TALES OF THE ORIENT
The Japanese in Acton

T.S. Eliot's heir

The body in the Thames

Patricia Kluge, from belly dancer to billionairess

THE YEAR IN REVIEW



THE PERFECT COUPLE
AT ONE'S
Social Gathering
ARE
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THE ODD COUPLES
ARE PROBABLY
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Volume 276 · January 1989

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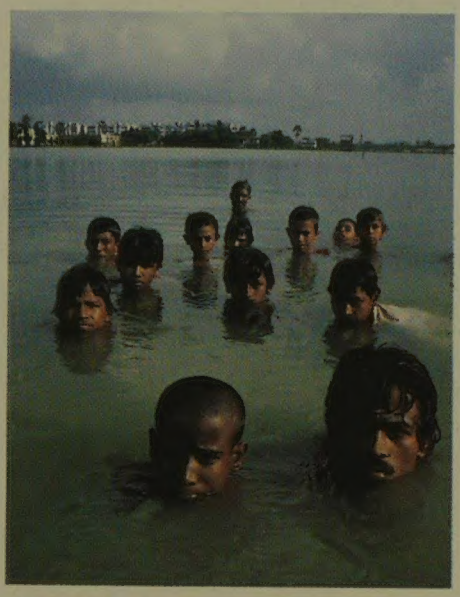
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The Environment Secretary, Nicholas Ridley, who is generally considered one of the least engaging men in the Government, now finds himself further embattled by Mrs Thatcher's espousal of Green issues. Profile by Andrew Rawnsley.

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The *ILN* looks back at the year in which reconciliation between Russia and the United States grew apace; Benazir Bhutto won an astounding victory and the alarming implications of the "greenhouse effect" were taken seriously.

28 The house that Matthew built
The chairman of publishers Faber & Faber, was once jokingly described as "voraciously unread". Yet Matthew Evans has blown away the cobwebs mummifying T. S. Eliot's famous publishing house. Catherine Bennett explains how.

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The recent spectacular Japanese raids on London's auction rooms demonstrated yet again the power of the Yen to influence the British art market. Less obviously influential is the growing number of Japanese resident in the capital. Chris Blackhurst reports.

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The closure of *Riva* magazine in October cost the giant IPC group £4.5m. Its demise was the last chapter of an intriguing tale of rivalry between IPC and the young entrepreneur Terry Hornett, who began his career as an IPC tea-boy. How he made £3m from IPC is recounted by Jeffrey Ferry.

44 Dearly departed
Memorial services have now become regular media events, providing lavish entertainment and the opportunity to settle scores. Graham Vickers reports.

46 Billion dollar baby
Patricia Kluge is married to America's second-richest man. Once a strip-tease artiste, she is now a pillar of American high society. By Frank Kuznik.

50 Mail-order murder
The price of murdering a young London woman was £200 worth of Christmas presents from a mail-order catalogue. Her death was brutal and apparently meaningless. By Matthew Fay.

Cover photograph: Nicholas Ridley, supplied by Rex Features

"My thesis on Origami..." he enthused. But he folded when we unwrapped the Graham's Port.



The Oriental's favourite pastime all but flattened dinner.

It had been a superlative evening; topics of conversation unfolding in pace with the courses.

The Boeuf en Croute had proved a revelation, while the Kiwi Fruit Glace was particularly enlightening.

As belts were discreetly loosened, thoughts drifted to more fulfilling matters:

The first glass of Graham's. That rich glowing colour. The fruity bouquet. That depth of flavour.

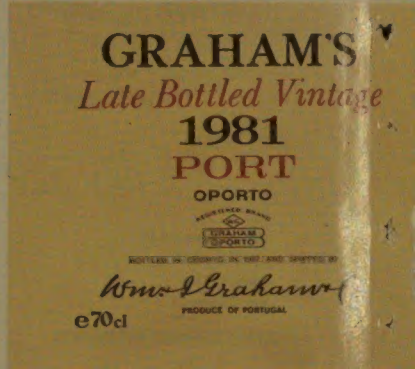
A train of thought that was shared by everyone. Well, almost everyone.

"Origami's a pet subject of mine"! Brows creased. Napkins were crushed.

One whiff of the Graham's and his pet subject was confetti. Civilised conversation re-asserted itself.

Thank the Lord for the Douro Valley Vineyards. God bless those little Portuguese Grapes.

And the Devil take Origami.



GRAHAM'S PORT. THE LAST WORD.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

January, 1989

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Editor's letter

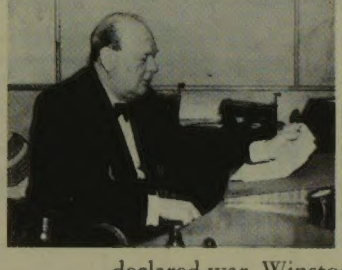
We have received a couple of letters complaining about Ludovic Kennedy's article in the December issue which gently pointed out that the Government had been rather careless with British liberty. F. Pilling took exception to Mr Kennedy and his "cohorts", and went on to produce this memorable line: "Margaret Thatcher is trying to ensure that my liberty is protected." Why F. Pilling's liberty is the subject for concern at Number 10 is a mystery, but doubtless there are very good reasons.

The point seems to me to be that liberty is neither negotiable nor selective, and, while I am personally gratified to hear that F. Pilling's liberty is protected, I am less happy about the way the Government has briskly, and sometimes rather petulantly, swept aside reservations voiced by people like Mr Kennedy, Enoch Powell, Roy Hattersley, Jonathan Aitken and John Mortimer.

For me 1989 starts with concern about the related issue of the reform of the Official Secrets Act. The Government has already signalled that it plans to excise the clause which allows for a defendant to plead that he or she has breached secrecy to serve the public interest.

This is an important principle, and still operates in the laws of confidence. For instance, were I to be employed by the highly competitive pharmaceutical industry and breached my company's confidence, I could justify my action by saying that I knew that my company's behaviour might endanger public health. As far as I know, there are no plans to legislate against the public interest defence that has been built up in this area of the law, and for a very good reason. Everyone recognises that companies may sometimes act selfishly and against the public good.

The question is: do governments act selfishly and against the public good? Doubtless F. Pilling believes that all British governments are just, benevolent and utterly selfless. I am not so confident. Governments like to be re-elected, and if using secrecy laws to hide misdemeanours, incompetence and negligence furthers this aim, then it is my belief that they will usually do so.



It is an apt year to remember this since we mark the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War in September. Save for one man, the Cabinet in 1939 was ignorant, feckless and fearful when Britain declared war. Winston Churchill was the only politician of the day who equipped himself with the knowledge of how to wage a modern war and had, moreover, an intimate understanding of the flaws in British defences. He acquired this while the governments of Baldwin and Chamberlain dissembled and connived to hide the truth about the country's defences. All of the information came to him in breach of the Official Secrets Act, from civil servants acting in the public interest. The public interest defence not only defends us against governments, it also defends governments against themselves. It is an essential part of our democracy.

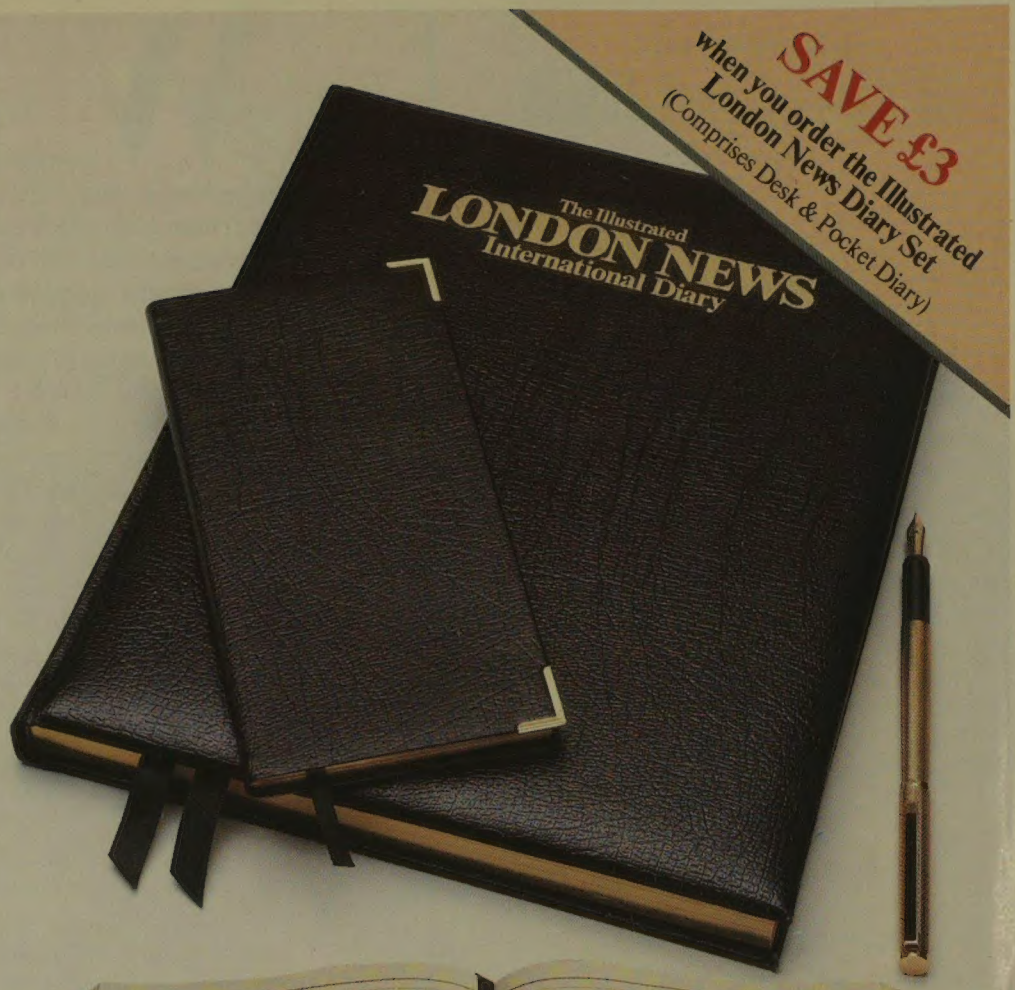
Henry Porter

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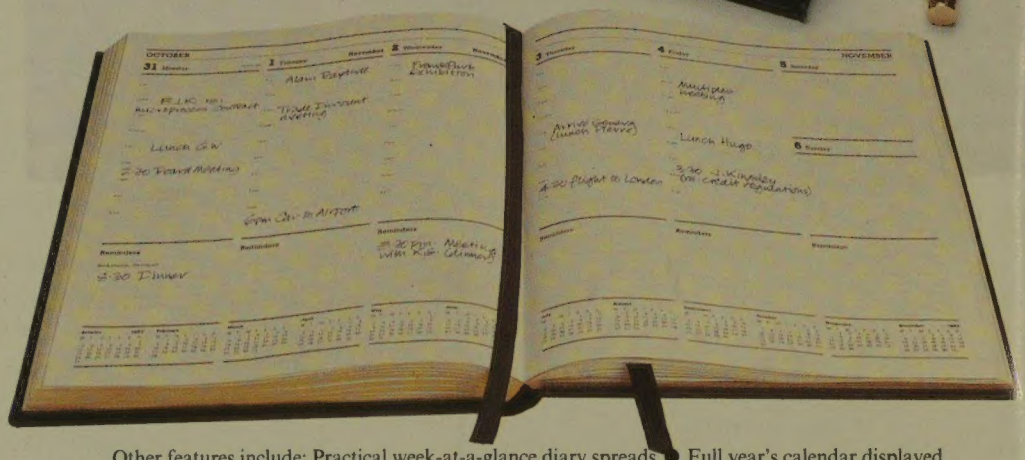
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Prince Charles was right

■ As an inveterate Anglophile, I eagerly await the *ILN* every month. However, I was surprised at the less than approving article on Prince Charles's remarks about conservation and architecture (*ILN*, November).

My company, Preservation Techniques, just concluded its fourth annual British Connection conference, under the patronage of the Duke of Gloucester. Because we feel you are light-years ahead of us in building conservation, we invite three of your experts to Philadelphia every year in order that we may learn.

It is therefore puzzling to me why the news media, which are at least as uninformed as they think the Prince of Wales is, criticise his courageous remarks. This is a perfect example of the Emperor's New Clothes. The modern building is sterile, impractical, ugly and short-lived, and its creators are more concerned with making their own statements than with creating shelter and human amenities. Plastics, windows that do not open, stale, recirculated air, low ceilings, no decoration, and prison-like security, make every tenant yearn for the good old days.

Gersil N. Kay, Philadelphia, USA



ANDRZEJ KLIMOWSKI

Strong support from *ILN* readers for the Prince of Wales's views

■ I would like to take up a point with you from the article about the Prince of Wales (*ILN*, November) with reference to his views on today's architecture.

To me, the tone of superiority and condescension in your article was very irritating, and I think that the response to His Royal Highness's recent television programme bears out my feeling that very many other people feel as I do about modern buildings.

I would like particularly to take up the point made about the Plessey factory on the outskirts of Plymouth. I was recently on Shaugh Moor, on the south-western rim of Dartmoor, on a wonderful golden autumn day. The air was clear, and in front of me stretched the whole magnificent panorama of the South Hams, Plymouth Sound, and the distant hills of Cornwall. In the centre foreground, perched on a ridge on Roborough Down, was this monstrous, shiny ice-cube, totally out of sympathy in shape, colour and structure with the countryside. I have not been inside the factory, and it may be a splendid place to work in, but it is an unmitigated eyesore.

The outward sprawl of houses and industrial buildings northwards from Plymouth has already engulfed several villages and reached the edge of the Dartmoor National Park. This makes it vitally important that buildings in such sites be designed with the greatest care to blend with their surroundings. No wonder Prince Charles found little to please him there.

Pamela Parker, Hon Secretary, Council for the Protection of Rural England, Devon

■ **HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD!** As both armchair and actual traveller, especially where the US is concerned, I thoroughly enjoyed Iain Finlayson's tour of New England in the fall (*ILN*, September).

As a pedantic film and TV fan, however, I would point out that *Cheers* is filmed in the Paramount studios on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood, not Burbank, as stated in the article. Most of the original studios have moved out gradually to cheaper land in Universal City, Culver City and Burbank, but Paramount remains in Hollywood, partially on the site of the old RKO Studios.

Helen Young, Stirling, Scotland

■ **TAKING LIBERTIES** I was interested to read Ludovic Kennedy's views, and those of his cohorts (*ILN*, December).

I disagree with him emphatically. I believe that in our changed world, Margaret Thatcher is trying to ensure that my liberty is protected. In my view, Ludovic Kennedy's comments cannot be said to be relevant in the circumstances in which we now live.

F. Pilling, Amesbury, Wiltshire.

■ **NO SYMPATHY FOR JACK** With reference to your piece in Serpentine (*ILN*, November) concerning poor Jack Profumo, I certainly hope you *are* alone in hoping the film *Scandal* flops. Although I was born in 1964, a year after the Profumo affair hit the headlines, I have read with interest the current articles and books about it. I would like to think that *Scandal* could cause poor Jack and others to cringe at what they got away with 25 years ago.

"Poor Stephen Ward" would be more appropriate. Putting Stephen Ward on trial meant that Ward and his girls, rather than Profumo and the Government, became the focus of public attention. Thus the public's attention was diverted from the real issue—national security.

John Profumo is certainly not the first man to have had an affair, but the fact is that after the scandal came out, he lied to his peers in the House of Commons. And as Profumo was lying about the nature of his affair with Christine Keeler, Ward was sticking up for his "friends". Soon, Ward became a scapegoat and committed suicide when he realised that he was taking the blame for everything.

Ludovic Kennedy was right when he said that "Ward was a whipping boy for the humiliations the Government had suffered as a result of the Profumo affair". To the end, Ward drew the fire on himself: he covered for his "friends", minimising the damaging testimony, and always believing that someone might yet speak up to help him.

The whole truth behind the Profumo scandal did not come out 25 years ago, and is still not known. However bad a film it may be, if *Scandal* helps to bring the Profumo affair to light again, and perhaps helps to uncover new facts, then good luck to it.

L. Jennings, Belfast

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The hunter captured by the game

The word on Wall Street confounds received opinion about the attack on Tiny Rowland's company, Lonrho, by the Australian tycoon Alan Bond. In Britain he is seen as the predator, but in some circles he is being portrayed as an unlikely victim of Tiny's remarkable cunning.

Rather than just appearing on the scene and buying shares in the manner of most carnivorous takeover specialists, Alan Bond is said to have been invited to take a stake in Lonrho.

It is thought Tiny played on the rumours that he was ill and losing energy and told Bond that it might be possible to hand over to him the control of Lonrho, a company of



Alan Bond

attractively varied assets.

To Bond's surprise, Tiny began suddenly to treat him as a hostile interest and issued all sorts of defiant statements to the press. Bond, meanwhile, had seriously overstretched himself to build up his 20 per cent holding in Lonrho which forced up the value of its shares.

It may seem far-fetched, but it is a measure of Tiny's reputation that the story is taken seriously.

Overheard on a train:
"I don't know what they think they are doing. I mean, there's quite enough choice as it is. There's four channels. It'll end up like America." (Pause). Then in tones of utter digust: "If they're not careful they'll drive everyone back to the public libraries."

A pair of Beatle crushers

It is of course remarkable that any British film company has stayed in business for 10 years and it is easy to see why HandMade films, George Harrison's company, is



George Harrison



Track 29

celebrating a mere decade of production. However, the company is experiencing a traumatic disagreement between Harrison and his partner, Denis O'Brien.

Harrison has become frustrated by the lack of commercial success the company has had and the HandMade Films HQ—has been receiving a number of bad-tempered communications from his home at Henley on Thames. At the source of his discontent is the string of films made by Denis O'Brien.

While they have received a measure of critical enthusiasm, they have not made substantial profits.

The crisis came after two blows. The first was the refusal of Cannon Cinemas to distribute an uninspiring film called *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* and the second was the flop of *Track 29*, which was written by Denis Potter. It was, in the words of one film producer, "one of the most conspicuous turkeys in living memory".

Harrision feels especially angry about the *Track 29* because although HandMade is a 50-50 partnership, Harrison guaranteed the $4.9m loan made by a New



Judith Hearne

York bank to finance the film with royalties from his recording past. Even for an ex-Beatle, this may take some while to replace.

Dutch trekkers' beastly behaviour

A funny story has emerged from the 150th-anniversary celebrations in South Africa of the Great Trek. The Dutchmen's original exodus from the equivalent of Egypt (British-controlled Cape Province) to Israel (the Transvaal), has become an event of significance in Afrikaner history. The anniversary celebrations culminated in a re-enactment of the Trek complete with breeches, bonnets and ox-drawn wagons. Unfortunately, 1980s oxen are not used to pulling wagons and they were near collapse a few miles into their 800-mile journey from Cape Town to Pretoria. The trekkers faced a dilemma: either call the whole thing off and risk disappointing the scores of Afrikaner villages they were to ride through in triumph, or ferry in new oxen every few miles and depopulate the land of its kine. Their compromise was admirably pragmatic. They supplied the oxen with high-energy foods and put them in a truck for transport. The wagons were towed along quiet stretches of road, but when the trekkers neared a village the oxen were re-harnessed.

Barber of the Ville

The *ILN*'s local sandwich bar is run by the formidable Frank, who chain-smokes cigars and shouts at his customers and family as if they had no right to be there. The café is, however, always full up with cab drivers, builders and yuppies who crowd together round Frank's tables. One lunchtime a member of the Serpentine staff fell into conversation with a man we shall call Jim.

In the summer of 1981, at the age of 21, Jim and a friend bought a potato gun from a toy shop and two woolly hats in which they cut holes for their eyes. With their hats pulled down over their faces they entered the Nationwide Building Society in Barnet, threatened the staff with the toy gun and stole £8,000. They then fled to Spain.

There they found a little property consisting of a bar and an apartment and decided to buy it for £7,000. So they returned to England to raise further funds. This proved to be a mistake.

During the Barnet job, Jim had been too eager to remove his mask and his face had been caught on the building society's security camera. He was arrested and then given a

four year prison sentence about which he is interesting.

Jim developed a curious speciality in prison. During his 14-month remand he wandered into the shower to find a fellow inmate hanging himself. He cut him down, administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and saved the man's life. The prison governor gave him one pound and passed on a good word to the judge at his trial.

Later, at Pentonville Prison, Jim became a hairdresser and was known as the Barber of the Ville. It was in this capacity that he prevented an attempted suicide by another prisoner who tried to kill himself by cutting his wrists.

Now a chauffeur Jim does less life-saving, but he enjoys driving a number of well known people including the Duke of Marlborough.

Blasted Heath

It seems impossible to keep Tiny Rowland out of this column. Still, his dealings with so many parts of the Establishment have a habit of demanding attention.

Take the exchange of letters between Tiny and Edward Heath. The opening shot, marked "confidential" came from Heath in response to Tiny's propaganda campaign against the Al Fayed brothers who, the latter believes, were backed in their purchase of Harrods by the Sultan Of Brunei. Heath writes: "Whatever others may have done, HM The Sultan is obviously not involved." He describes the Sultan as a good friend of Britain and asks Tiny to omit him from his campaign against the Al Fayeds. Tiny's reply is astonishing.

"Had I not already experienced your extreme wrong headedness, I would have looked to you for support. . . Possibly you feel, having damaged Lonrho's reputation most horribly when you were Prime Minister, it's soothing to tick me off again—to convince yourself that you might have been right."

He ends in a crescendo of cold anger: "I expect you now to do your duty—and I feel I have just as much right to direct you as you possess to direct me—and insist on the full publication of the Inspector's Report (Department of Trade and Industry) without those handy missing pages which governments are so fond of."

Then, rather strangely, he signs off: "Have a nice holiday, Your Ever True Friend, Tiny."

Time's out for Soho News

After promising to be *the* trendy London weekly paper, *Soho News* closed after just two issues, having lost £250,00. It had hit only half its 30,000 sales target. Publisher Andrew Ryan, believed to have invested heavily in the project, is not having much luck. His previous venture, *City Limits*, of which he was a founder, is also having difficulties. Since joint editors John Fordham and Nigel Fountain left the weekly listings magazine, it has been through two editors and has just announced its third. The first, Tim Lott, stayed barely one month; the second, Cynthia Rose, lasted longer but sales of the magazine plummetted. Now one-time editor of the *New Musical Express*, Ian Pye, has been offered the hot seat. Described as being "reliable and a very good manager of people", Serpentine hopes he is also good with words, or it may be third time lucky for rival publication *Time Out*.



Soho News

Not all publishers are out of luck. Nick Logan, whose magazine *The Face* has been the success story of the 1980s, has sold 40 per cent of his company's shares. This makes him a millionaire and gives him a strange partnership. Buyers Condé Nast launched their own title *GQ* in direct competition with *The Face* just two months ago.

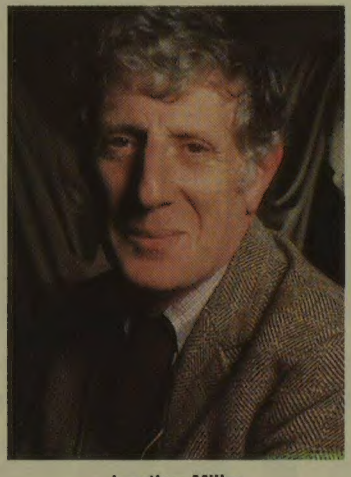
Isle of Dogs residents are being woken by a "ghost train" running early in the morning. Will they sleep more easily knowing that it is a Docklands Light Railways special, employed to sweep rats off the platforms before the regular commuter service Serpentine wonders?

Serpentine's 1989 almanac

Serpentine has consulted a variety of forecasters and seers in order to predict the nature of 1989.

The first unusual prediction comes from the Conservative backbenchers, where there is a strong feeling that the tide will at last begin to run against Mrs Thatcher as she celebrates her decade as Prime Minister of Britain. While she is perceived as representing, and in some ways forging, the spirit of the 80s, her less than loyal colleagues believe that she has not quite grasped the spirit of the 90s.

Similar disloyalty is expected to affect all the major political parties, with the exception of David Owen's SDP. The Liberals, now also known as the Democrats, are expected to give Paddy Ashdown a rough ride. Mr Ashdown spent most of 1988 talking about "hard", "tough" and "sharp" policies but ends the year looking rather ineffectual and wet.


Jonathan Miller

This brings us to poor Neil Kinnock. The Labour party would quite clearly like to replace him with Gordon Brown, who has all the advantages of Kinnock—that is to say, youth, rhetoric and Celtic origins, but also possesses palpably more brains. Is Neil Kinnock's replacement likely? It depends on how well he performs in the House of Commons when attacking the Government's economic policies.

Elsewhere in the political landscape, both the Green party and Scottish nationalists are expected to gain more mid-term support, although this by its nature evaporates during general elections.

It is quite clear that most economists foresee a recession this year. Its duration largely depends on whether President Bush addresses the twin deficit problem, and whether the world's stock markets are convinced by his action. The locally-induced version will bite into British industry and house prices. They are certainly expected to fall in London.

We can expect a number of slow starts in Britain during the course of the year. Satellite television, already available, will be launched in earnest by Rupert Murdoch, but it will take well over 12 months for him to see encouraging viewing figures. The *Sunday Correspondent*, a new Sunday paper, given that its cash-raising operation goes well, will launch in the spring and cause competitors to revitalise their products. This will almost certainly go unnoticed by the British public.

A much more welcome change will be the death of *nouvelle cuisine*. Invented by the French to irritate the British, the new cooking has dominated the 1980s. Now the French are poised to persuade everyone that all vegetables should be heartily boiled and eaten in great quantity. The British will not be given credit for their contribution in this area of cooking.

The campaign against alcohol will continue, and the Home Secretary will quietly announce that the experimental ban on drinking in selected public places has been a success and should be extended throughout the country. Smoking may then come under similar scrutiny, although this is considered less important by the Government.

The anniversary industry will certainly enjoy a fruitful year. France which will mark the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution. More potent for the British perhaps, will be the memories stirred by the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of war in Europe.

Other predictions include the departure of Dr Jonathan Miller from the Old Vic, the victory of Arsenal in the Football League, the triumph of Millwall in the FA Cup Final, England's victory in the five nations' rugby championship, the lowering of the hemline in fashion (interestingly, the rise and fall of hemlines in the last 70 years precisely coincides with the booms and slumps in the capitalist economies), and the success of a film called *When the Whales Came*, starring Helen Mirren and Paul Scofield.

The one certainty about 1989 is that the capital will become more and more congested. Less certain will be the Government's response.



DRIVING A LUXURY CAR IS LESS TAXING WITH A CARLTON CDX.

The latest Vauxhall is also a dodge.

Let's look at the arithmetic.

If you drive a three litre company car, you could pay tax on an additional £1,900 compared to a two litre company car.

That's a lot for a litre. And it suddenly seems like a lot more when you look at the two litre Carlton CDX saloon or estate.

Because here's a car you'll value far more than the taxman is allowed to.

Think, for a moment, of the sort of refinements you'd expect from larger engined cars and see what they've got that the Carlton CDX hasn't.

You'd probably include seats with adjustable lumbar control and height adjustable seat belts front and rear.

So does the Carlton.

You'd definitely include electric windows, electric sunroof and a 6 speaker radio/cassette.

So does the Carlton, most definitely.

Power steering would be on your list, so would central locking with security deadlocks.

They're both on the Carlton.

(Thieves can't open the doors even if the windows are smashed.)

You may not have thought of an electric headlamp levelling system, or, for that matter, varnished elm trim.

Vauxhall has.

Vauxhall has also thought of safety.

An electronic ABS braking system comes as standard on the Carlton CDX.

That, combined with Vauxhall's unique Advanced Chassis Technology (the famous ACT System), produces a level of driver control the match of any on the road.

However, don't run away with the idea that the Carlton CDX is all polish and no poke.

It has a modern, computer-controlled overhead cam engine with sophisticated Bosch fuel injection and management systems capable of 120 mph for the saloon.

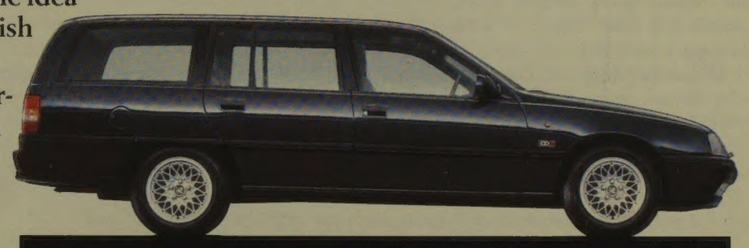
For those interested in such things, that's faster than the Renault 25GTS, the Ford Granada 2.4i Ghia and the Mercedes 200E.

With its special CDX trim and wide-rimmed spoked alloy wheels, it's better looking than they are too.

A two litre car, in short, that belies its own classification. A car that looks, drives and feels every inch the luxury saloon.

But this is luxury, as someone once said, you can afford.

THE CARLTON CDX.



VAUXHALL. ONCE DRIVEN, FOREVER SMITTEN.

VAUXHALL IS BACKED BY THE WORLDWIDE RESOURCES OF GENERAL MOTORS. CARS SHOWN CARLTON CDX SALOON, PRICE £15,350 AND CARLTON CDX ESTATE, PRICE £15,950 (PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS). INCLUDES CAR TAX AND VAT, DELIVERY AND NUMBER PLATES ARE EXTRA. TAX FIGURES BASED ON MARCH 1988 BUDGET. PERFORMANCE FIGURES FROM NOVEMBER 1988 WHAT CAR? MAGAZINE.

Few years possess quite the individual quality that 1988 has acquired. It has been a turning-point in so many areas that it seems almost as if we have already experienced the end of the decade. The great moment, which signalled the end of the Cold War and the dilution of Eastern bloc socialism, was the peace accord between the superpowers. The world's attention, so long fixed on the possibility of nuclear confrontation between the USSR and USA, came to focus instead upon the increasing threat to the environment posed by man's energetic reproduction and consumption. Politicians of all colours found it expedient to publicise their Green credentials, even in Communist China. The year produced a number of disasters and outrages, but it will

1988

be remembered for what was the remarkable outbreak of peace in so many different areas of conflict. Troops withdrew from Afghanistan, Namibia and Cambodia, while the Iranians and Iraqis grudgingly agreed to a ceasefire in the Gulf War.

What has been striking is the equal but opposite movements of globalisation and nationalism. Business and governments have been thinking in world terms, but their peoples have increasingly expressed the desire for smaller units of government, for self-determination and cultural freedom. This was most conspicuous in the East where it unsettled Mr Gorbachev's revolution, with consequences yet to be seen.

Here then is the A-Z of 1988, from Alcohol to Zionism: the pictures that made the news and the themes that lay behind it.

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



A ritual Mafia assembly in Palermo, Sicily, where another optimistic police offensive has recently been launched. But the Mafia's greatest coup of 1988 was to be blamed for President John F. Kennedy's assassination 25 years ago

A
ALCOHOL

"Spend some time out of your tree," urged an advert for Woodpecker cider, much to the disapproval of police fighting pitched battles every weekend with drunken youths in rural south-east England. "Lager louts" were mainly white, employed hooligans, occasionally even workers in the City. In scenes reminiscent of violence by Teddy Boys, mods and rockers, they terrorised peaceful towns like Dorking, High Wycombe and Crowborough, East Sussex, where more than 100 youths rioted after police tried to close a wine bar. They assaulted the officers with beer glasses and chants of "Kill the Bill!"

The pattern was repeated abroad, at the European Football Championship in Germany, and notably at Spanish resorts where the availability of cheap alcohol was crucial. In Britain, Tony Judge, the Police Federation's spokesman, commented: "It seems breweries are putting on pressure for more sales without regard to the consequences of its consumption."

Brewers, in fact, are spending £1 billion a year on British advertising, and 69 per cent goes on lager, where booming sales account for 45 per cent of the overall beer market (although low- and non-alcoholic beers, with less than 1.2 per cent alcohol, are the fastest-growing sector). Before the last war, 18- to 24-year-old men were light drinkers. They became the target of brewers, concerned at missing out on young people, whose "Beer is Best" campaigns began the glamorisation of drink. But recent figures show that drink kills 10 times as many young people as drugs.

The Government's Bill extending licensing hours came into force on August 22, enabling pubs to stay open from 11am to 11pm during the week, and until 3pm on Sundays. At present, Britain still ranks only 20th in the world league of alcohol consumption, but that may yet change.

ALTON

Despite a 45-vote majority at second reading, Liberal MP David Alton's Private Member's Bill was ill-fated. Debate raged around his proposed reduction of the legal limit for abortion from 28 to 18 weeks, much of it hinging on the detection of abnormalities in the foetus and the rights of the handicapped. The campaign was viewed as the "dirtiest and most bizarre" in the history of abortion law: prayer meetings, fastings and tales of gasping foetuses on one side and unsubstantiated allegations about Alton's private life on the other. The bill was defeated through lack of time on May 6. Alton described the filibustering as "procedural mugging" and "a moral victory" for his campaign. He then tabled the entire bill as an amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill, a move rejected by the Speaker. He is pledged to continue the fight in 1989.

B
BUSH

Once or twice President Reagan's misgivings about George Herbert Walker Bush seemed justified. His early performance in the primaries was so abysmal that there was a distinct possibility he would be beaten by Bob Dole. Even after he had won the nomination, his campaigning style grew more drab and gave his Democratic opponent, Michael Dukakis, a solid lead in the polls. Nothing, though, caused more concern about Bush's judgment than his decision to select the palpably superficial Dan Quayle as his running mate.

However, there were several factors which ensured Bush's victory in the November elections. The first was the change in the heartland of traditional Democrat support. Under Reagan, the working class had become richer and, indeed, prouder of America. The second was a legacy of goodwill that Reagan "the Gipper", passed on to Bush's campaign. And the third was the professionalism of Bush's advisers who persuaded him to use the hostile television commercials which played such a part in forging public opinion. The campaign in general was deemed to be one of the least inspiring since the last war, dwelling as it did on the personalities of the contenders.

C
CENSORSHIP

Using powers granted under the 1981 Broadcasting Act and the BBC's Licence Agreement, the Government banned terrorist organisations and their political spokesmen from having direct access

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



Autumnal storms battered the Caribbean. In September, Hurricane Gilbert cut a huge swathe through Jamaica

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



Drought in America's Midwest bankrupted some farmers. Fierce heat sparked fires in Yellowstone Park

to television and radio, and then proposed ending the right of a suspect not to have his silence interpreted as an admission of guilt. The moves were apparently influenced by the broadcasters' reluctance to hand over to the RUC footage of the mob killing of two British corporals in West Belfast in March. They were described by *The Daily Telegraph* as "unprecedented peacetime restrictions."

Bent on drawing the teeth of the media, the Government established a Broadcasting Standards Council under Lord Rees-Mogg, with the power to censor all imported fictional television material and proposed the abolition of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, which supervises output on the commercial television channels.

Other media and arts were severely restricted in May when the Local Government Act banned Councils from funding anything which could be construed as "promoting" homosexuality.

In November, changes to the Official Secrets Act proposed the denial of a public interest defence and the criminalisation of the disclosure of material relating to international relations and defence, even if already published abroad.

D
DINOSAUR

While crowd-pulling dinosaurs were moved from the National Museum of Wales to the Natural History Museum in London, Chinese and Canadian scientists sent a foot, believed to be part of a previously unknown man-eating species, to Peking. Another dinosaur reported to be increasingly out on a limb was the Ron Toddosaurus, general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, and leader of the biggest union in the West: the Transport and General Workers' Union (TGWU). The beast, affectionately known as Todd, was described as gentle and well-meaning, but confused.

He adhered firmly to those tablets of stone, the Bridlington Principles, on which it is written, "thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's union members". He also snubbed Labour leader Neil Kinnock by calling for (and winning) withdrawal of co-operation from the Government's Employment Training scheme. Palaeontologists, meanwhile, disputed the details of the dinosaurs' likely extinction, but agreed in general that the climate was unfavourable, though there was brave resistance. The National Union of Seamen (NUS), whose P&O ferry workers' strike caused havoc to holiday-makers throughout April and May, had their funds sequestrated; and the Union of Communication Workers (UCW) closed 17 out of 24 major sorting offices, and brought the public postal service to a standstill for the first time in 17 years (encouraging the use of fax and private postal companies). Those that tried to adapt to the changing climate entered agreements and/or negotiations with managements for one-union, no-strike contracts. This hastened the biggest rift in the TUC in its entire history, culminating in the expulsion of the Electrical, Electronic, Telecommunication and Plumbing Union (EETPU) on September 5.

DISASTERS

This year it has been a close-run contest between man-made and natural disasters. Human error, accounted for the American navy blasting out of the air 290 Iranian passengers on an Airbus flying quietly from Teheran to Dubai in July. Italy's aerobatic team contrived to plough into a crowd at the airshow in Ramstein, West Germany, in August killing 69, and 400 British schoolchildren escaped death when their cruise ship collided with a freighter off Athens in October.

Those who believe that all mechanical and structural failings are also ultimately human faults can add to that list the 167 people incinerated in the North Sea oil rig Piper Alpha in July—we may never know the full truth—and the 56 French passengers killed when a train failed to stop at its terminus, at the Gare de Lyon, in Paris in June.

Nature's efforts on wind and water once again showed a partiality for hammering the already poor and suffering, although the drought in the American Midwest in the summer badly hit rich farmers. Drought also hit the Sudan, and the floods came to that same unfortunate country in August, and to Bangladesh in September, with victims in their tens of thousands. In September and October hurricanes Gilbert and Joan devastated Jamaica, Mexico, Guatemala and Nicaragua.

E
EXPOSÉS

The circulation war between the tabloid newspapers used the activities of public figures to plumb new depths in the name of competition. Actor Nigel Havers, former England cricket captain Mike Gatting, and comedian Tom O'Connor, all suffered from titillating revelations of sexual dalliance. The most sensational stories concerned the homely television presenter, Frank Bough, forced to quit BBC's *Breakfast Time* after admitting participation in cocaine and sex parties to the *News of the World* in May; and Major Ronald Ferguson, father of the Duchess of York, who, *The People* revealed in the same month, had regularly met vice girls at a Marylebone brothel, the Wigmore Club.

Several posthumous biographies also attracted controversy for exposing salacious details of their subject's lives. The parents of Suzy Lamplugh, the estate agent who vanished after meeting a mystery client in 1986, won a legal battle against the reputable publishers of *The Suzy Lamplugh Story*. The book claimed that Miss Lamplugh had had

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



Bangladesh, among the world's poorest countries, suffered appalling floods. Then its rivers silted up

REX FEATURES



A car with two soldiers is spotted at an IRA funeral

REX FEATURES



Minutes later one of the soldiers receives the last rites

numerous sexual partners and that her mother, Diana, basked in the publicity surrounding the case. Faber & Faber printed a disclaimer stating that the Lamplughs now dissociated themselves from the book which they had originally commissioned from *Observer* journalist Andrew Stephen.

The Lives of John Lennon caused an even greater furore by depicting the ex-Beatle as a schizophrenic, homosexual, psychopathic, mother-fixated junkie. It became a best-seller, serialised in the *Daily Mail*, but in most reviews it was the author, Albert Goldman, a 60-year-old, former professor of English, who was vilified. Goldman said he had done 1,200 interviews, yet he had never talked to the three surviving Beatles or to Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, who confessed that his book had made her contemplate suicide: "I kept thinking of Picasso's wife, and how she finally killed herself."

Picasso's last wife shot herself. This apparently supported the thesis of *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* that the artist was a sexual sadist who destroyed every woman he loved, except Françoise Gilot, the biographer's principal source. Art critics, like *Time* magazine's Robert Hughes ("a resentful sexual history"), were virtually unanimous in condemning the book. The author, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington, was denounced as a self-publicist. She asserted, untruthfully, that her book had prompted eminent collectors to unload their Picassos. Nonetheless, film rights to the book had already been sold before publication.

Alistair Horne's official biography of former Conservative Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was not sensationalist. This first volume responsibly investigated such historical issues as Macmillan's involvement in the repatriation of White Russians and anti-Communist Yugoslavs after the Second World War. Yet the tabloids inevitably seized upon Horne's account of the long affair between Macmillan's wife, Lady Dorothy, and MP Lord Boothby, once Churchill's private secretary.

The greatest exposé of the year, however, turned upon events less historical than mythical. The Turin Shroud was finally carbon-dated by three independent tests, and found to be of medieval origin—conclusive proof, seemingly, that the imprint on the cloth could not have been left by the body of Jesus Christ.

F
FRAULEINS

Two German women—Katerina Witt from the East and Steffi Graf from the West—enjoyed phenomenal success in their chosen sports. With her US Open victory in September, Graf, now 19, joined Maureen Connolly and Margaret Court to become the third woman to win the Grand Slam—all four major tennis tournaments in one calendar year. Three weeks later, on October 1, she added the Olympic gold medal to her trophies. Graf's success in 1988 could earn her up to $50 million over the rest of her career. Though not quite in that financial bracket, gold-medal-winning figure-skater Katarina Witt could also become a multi-millionairess—if she decided to defect. Modelling and advertising offers from the West were reported to have poured in after her performance at the Winter Olympics in Calgary in February, but she has now retired at 22 to study drama in East Berlin. Witt is renowned for her glitzy and revealing costumes. At Calgary, a coach complained: "We're here to skate in a dress—not a G-string."

G
GIGANTISM

A philosophy pioneered in England by *The Sunday Times*, gigantism took the form of dividing papers into more and more sections and magazines, and furiously increasing the total number of pages. Intense competition resulted. Even the aloof *Independent* started a Saturday colour magazine. Victims of gigantism include readers who can no longer find anything; newspaper delivery boys who can no longer carry the load; and a gerbil killed by the weight of newsprint falling on him as he sheltered beneath a letter box one Sunday morning. The opposite of gigantism is correspondentism, named after the *Sunday Correspondent*, to be launched next spring, which promises the whole product in a slimline package of only two sections.

GREEN

Following scientific evidence of damage to the ozone layer, manufacturers agreed, in February, to *attempt to* develop ozone-benign chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs)—believed to be largely responsible for the destruction of the earth's protective layer. In June, NASA scientist Dr James Hansen went on record as saying that the "greenhouse effect"—the raising of the earth's temperature due to the entrapment of solar radiation in the atmosphere—was caused by pollution.

Climatologists said this was partially responsible for the ferocity of Hurricane Gilbert and the Sudanese floods, and both were thought to be a foretaste of what will happen as global warming causes changes in weather patterns.

At the Royal Society, the Tory party conference and later in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament on November 22 Mrs Thatcher expressed concern over environmental issues. Believed by some to be a brilliant tactic for further dividing opposition and by others to be an equally brilliant tactic to pacify traditional Tory voters in the shires and green-belt areas—who were disgruntled by Government building policies—the sentiment was not backed by legislation. Indeed, it was accompanied by the resignations of two senior members of HM Inspectorate of Pollution due to inadequate financing of the department.

In Geneva, 44 countries met to draft a treaty governing international trade in hazardous waste and conservation groups warned that the 1992 unification of Europe as a trading bloc could result in declining environmental standards, where the lowest common denominator may prevail.

H
HICK

Described as "the new Bradman" by some cricket observers and as "the best white batsman in the world" by Worcestershire team-mate Ian Botham, Graeme Hick achieved the most memorable performance of the season when he hit 405 not out for Worcestershire against Somerset at Taunton on May 6. The *Daily Mail* called it "the greatest innings of the century". Hick thus became the seventh man to make 400 in an innings in first-class cricket. He was also the second-youngest player in history, behind Bradman, to complete 1,000 runs before the end of May. *And* he scored the fastest century of the season: in 79 balls, at the Oval on



In July's Piper Alpha oil rig disaster, 167 lives were lost. Occidental Oil faced huge compensation claims

ALL SPORT



Graeme Hick, celebrates becoming the second-youngest player in history to score 1,000 runs by the end of May

GLYNN GRIFFITHS



Musician Kwasi Afari-Minta at the King's Cross inquest

August 19. These record-breaking heroics, by a player still only 22, caused the population of England to bemoan the fact of his birth in Zimbabwe. He cannot play for England until 1991, although the Test and County Cricket Board may review his case in the spring. Hick himself remains unaffected by all the panegyrics, and his modest demeanour will help him with cricket's old guard.

I
INQUESTS

The King's Cross inquest in October into last year's fire at the tube station, resulted in the resignations of Sir Keith Bright, chairman of London Regional Transport, and Dr Tony Ridley, chief executive of London Underground, just before publication of the Fennell report.

The year's most controversial inquest concerned the SAS shootings of three unarmed IRA terrorists, Daniel McCann, Mairead Farrell and Sean Savage, in Gibraltar last spring. The soldiers gave evidence from behind screens, an unprecedented legal manoeuvre. Critics of the shootings claimed they demonstrated that the Government has a "shoot-to-kill" policy. Patrick McGory, lawyer for the families of the victims, said the way they died "wasn't fair, reasonable or lawful". After 19 days, however, the jury returned a 9–2 majority verdict of lawful killing.

Two months later, in November, Irish Republicans were further angered by the inquest in Armagh into the deaths of three IRA men killed by the RUC in 1982, which failed to insist upon the RUC men involved appearing for cross-examination. These were the shootings which had been investigated by Manchester policeman John Stalker, who later resigned from the force after expressing frustration with opposition to his inquiries.

INTEREST RATES AND INFLATION

There was a period in the summer when even the most assiduous reader of the financial pages could barely keep up with the frequent increases in interest rates announced by Chancellor Nigel Lawson. In May they stood at 7.5 per cent. By December, eight rises later, they were at 13 per cent. And even the Chancellor was forced to admit that interest rates would remain high for "quite a while", because it was necessary for the Government to win the battle against rising inflation.

Starting off the year at a yearly rate of less than 5 per cent, inflation was at 6.5 per cent by the end, with a forecast that it would reach well over 7 per cent in 1989 before beginning a gradual fall. When the first worrying inflation figures were published, the Chancellor described them as a blip. It was a blip which soon became continuous. Lawson's policies, culminating in a give-away, tax-cut budget, had resulted in a consumer boom which showed no signs of abating, an overheated economy and a huge and seemingly irreversible excess of imports over exports. He predicted that his high interest rates policy would dampen the economy and reduce inflation, but by the end of the year the opposite seemed true and the City was nervous. 1988 was the year in which even the wizard Lawson got it wrong.

J
JURIES

Growing disquiet about the British jury system came into the open on June 1 when a juror at a trial of alleged football hooligans in Leeds confessed to a court official that he and fellow jurors were afraid of reprisals if they found the accused guilty. It transpired that seven of the eight male jurors were under 21—much the same age as the defendants. Legal observers expressed concern at defence counsels who construct "designer juries" tending to favour their clients by challenging those whose appearance suggests they will dislike the defendant or the crime. The Criminal Justice Bill will, controversially, remove the right of defence lawyers to challenge without a reason up to three jurors for every client. Some prosecutors, however, also want the minimum age for jury service raised to 25.

Abuses of the system certainly increased. There were reports of bogus jurors standing in for people who did not wish to do their jury duty, and of organised gangs engaged in jury "nobbling". Protecting a jury in London was estimated to cost the public more than £68,000 a week.

In Northern Ireland speculation grew over reform of the Diplock courts, the system introduced 15 years ago by the Heath Government in which a single judge sits without a jury in trials for terrorist offences. It was criticised for alienating both nationalists and loyalists from the institutions of law and order. It was thought that its abolition would placate the Irish Government and thereby enhance cross-border co-operation.

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES



Anti-government protestors in Rangoon, Burma. General Sein Lwin later resigned after five days of riots

K
KITSCH

In the first of three heavily-hyped "celebrity sales", Liberace's remarkable possessions went under the hammer in Los Angeles in April, Organised by Christie's, the sale of mink coats, stretched limos and, of course, candelabra raised over $2m. But that was nothing to the Andy Warhol extravaganza where 145 cookie jars enjoyed more than their 15 minutes of fame when they went for $198,605, contributing to the final sale total of $25m. The contents of Elton John's Windsor mansion could not compete. Sotheby's outbid Christie's to hold the three-day sale in September and though the singer's stage costumes were particularly popular the sale finally brought in a mere £4.8m.

L
LEPERS

In April, in the House of Commons, Neil Kinnock sat "white with anger" as his deputy chief whip ejected from the Chamber the Labour MP for Leith, Edinburgh, Ron Brown. Mr Brown had been "named" by the Speaker and suspended from the House for 20 days after refusing to make a proper apology for dropping and damaging the Mace during a demonstration against Government changes in social security benefits. He claimed the Mace had "slipped" out of his hands. Little has since been heard of Brown, whose visits to Colonel Ghadaffi had already embarrassed his leader.

Eric Hammond, the general secretary of the electricians' union, caused the TUC great discomfiture over his willingness to work with Murdoch's management at Wapping and enter into non-strike, single-union deals against TUC instructions. Eventually, amid stormy passions, the TUC expelled the EETPU at its Bournemouth Conference on September 5.

For more than a month, during August and September, the German-registered *Karin B* sought a port in Europe where she could unload her cargo, but was rejected by Spain, West Germany, Neath in Wales, and Ravenna, until the Italians finally relented. She was carrying 2,000 tonnes of chemical waste, so toxic that a Nigerian docker was suspected of having died from its contact.

M
MAFIA

With 338 of the Mafia's best put behind bars in Sicily in December 1987, the world expected a few offers it could at last refuse. But stone walls do not a prison make and the rate of vendetta killings in Palermo has shown hardly a blip. For the dozens slain in 1988, it did not matter much whether the godfathers organising the executions were inside or out. In America, as one method of laundering the Mafia's huge profits from drugs was sealed off by the authorities, several grew up in its place.

What was forecast as one of the US administration's great triumphs over organised crime turned into disaster. After the longest federal trial in American history—21 months—it took a mere 14 hours for an enthusiastic jury to acquit 20 members of the Lucchese gang. The occasional British forays against the Mafia made little impression. Scotland Yard admitted failure and cut the budget for their anti-Mafia squads.

Meanwhile books published to commemmorate the anniversary of President John F. Kennedy's assassination claimed much Mafia involvement.

NETWORK



A victim of tribal war in central Africa's Burundi

IMPACT



The rhino faces extinction in parts of Africa

JULIAN HECTOR



An epidemic of seal deaths contributed to the growing anxiety about the world's environment. Pollution was believed to have lowered the seals' resistance to a virus

MAMMALS

Perhaps nothing contributed more to the sudden anxiety about the environment in Britain than the deaths of thousands of common seals in the North Sea. An epidemic, which killed up to 60 per cent of the population in seven months, was first spotted during a survey of seal populations on Anholt Island, off Denmark, when scientists noticed a high rate of premature births. The first dead seal was found on May 22. Thousands followed as the disease spread to Britain. It was thought that the distemper virus, common in dogs, was responsible until, in the late autumn, the rinderpest virus, which usually affects cattle, was identified. Many scientists were certain that pollutants in the North Sea had compromised the seals' immune systems.

The public became actutely aware of other endangered mammals when the plight of the black and white rhinoceri in Africa was captured in pictures of scores of corpses left by the poachers who kill for their horns. The last five white rhinoceri in Kenya were killed. Elsewhere black rhinos continued to be slaughtered. In the early 1970s the black rhino numbered 60,000. Today there are thought to be fewer than 800.

While man killed wantonly in one part of the world, he went to extravagant lengths to save in another. An international effort mounted by the Americans and Russians to save three grey whales that had been trapped in the Arctic ice, cost hundreds of thousands of pounds.

MASSACRES

Although global tensions cooled in 1988, localised violence flared and massacres were depressingly common. Ironically, it was the cessation of the Gulf War on August 20 that allowed Iraq to step up its offensive against its Kurdish population.

During the war, Kurdish rebels had been able to defend about 4,000 square miles of northern Iraq, which they hoped to turn into an independent Kurdistan. For some three weeks from August 25, however, their villages were razed by the advancing Iraqi army using chemical weapons. An estimated 100,000 Kurds, many bearing the burns and blisters compatible with gas attacks, left their dead compatriots and fled to Turkey.

In Haiti, having deposed the civilian President, Leslie Manigat, in June, General Henri Namphy revived the Tontons Macoutes. When Namphy was himself overthrown shortly afterwards, reprisals against the Tontons included public lynchings, with the bodies of victims being burned in the streets.

Even worse butchery took place in the central African state of Burundi when tribal conflict between the Hutu majority and the ruling Tutsi minority erupted on August 14 in the northern town of Ntega. Tens of thousands were slaughtered.

Anti-government protestors in Algeria and Burma were fired on by troops. Economic hardship and demands for multi-party democracy brought tens of thousands of demonstrators on to the streets of Rangoon and other Burmese towns in August. On August 12, after five days of rioting, General Sein Lwin resigned. An estimated 1,000 people had been killed. Chronic unrest, developing eventually into civil war, continued under the military leader, General Saw Maung. Although the situation in Algeria was less serious, there was still considerable loss of life when riots caused by food shortages and high unemployment shook Algiers.

N
NATIONALISM

The chief threat to Mikhail Gorbachev's revolution in the Soviet Union has been the burgeoning desire for independence among the many nations that go to make up the USSR. This, together with the restlessness surfacing in the Warsaw Pact countries, particularly between Serbs and Albanians in Yugoslavia, may yet prove to be the reactionaries' greatest argument. Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia all vigorously protested at the Russification of the bureaucracy and the compulsory use of Russian language. The same was true of Georgia and the Ukraine, 40 million of whom speak Ukrainian.



FRANK SPOONER

The relationship between the superpowers blossomed

SIPA PRESS



The Year of Nationalism: from the Baltic states to the Serbs in Yugoslavia, independence was the rallying cry

However, the most serious crisis for Gorbachev came from the Southern Republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan, which are Christian and Muslim respectively. Armenia claimed the town Nagorny Karabakh, which is presently in Azerbaijan. In February, 26 Armenians died at the hands of the Muslims in a pogrom which shocked Russia. Gorbachev reacted cautiously, wary of the destructive potential of Islamic fundamentalism. His dilemma is an old one. He wishes to create a "new historical community, composed of patriots and internationalists", but he cannot do so without jeopardising the strength and unity of the USSR, which, of course, is still broadly the empire ruled by the Tsars.

O
OLYMPICS

The International Olympic Committee's medical team got more exercise than most of the competitors during the 24th Games at Seoul. Rigorous drugs testing of all medal winners, plus another contender picked at random in each event, resulted in 10 competitors disqualified. Although this was two fewer than in the 1984 Los Angeles Games, the Seoul drug-takers attracted more publicity because they included big fish. Canada's Ben Johnson was undoubtedly the biggest: he won the 100m final on September 24 in a breathtaking 9.79 seconds, but traces of the anabolic steroid, stanozolol, found in his urine after the race meant disqualification, and his gold medal passed to Carl Lewis. Britain's Linford Christie had a narrow escape when gingseng tea was blamed for his positive result in a test after the 200m on September 28, but his team-mate Kerrith Brown was less fortunate—he was stripped of his bronze medal for judo for taking illegal diuretics. However, weightlifting came top of the drugs league. Five competitors were disqualified, and the Hungarian and Bulgarian teams withdrew as a result.

Against this background there were some stunning performances with Florence Griffith Joyner of the US winning three golds and a silver on the track and smashing the 200m world record twice in one day. Among the British gold medallists were swimmer Adrian Moorhouse, who won the 100m breaststroke final, and rowers Andrew Holmes and Steven Redgrave in the coxless pairs.

DOD MILLER SELECT



No, it isn't a film set. Mickey Mouse really did go to Moscow this year, celebrating both his 50th birthday and glasnost. Mickey is seen here with Roy Disney, nephew of Walt

P
PEACE

More wars and armed struggles either stopped or were the subject of credible peace talks in 1988 than in any year in history. It may not last, but it has been a year of amazing conciliations. Iraq and Iran stopped the Gulf War; 150,000 Russians started the long trek home from Afghanistan; and 10,000 Cubans are leaving Angola. South Africa will quit Namibia; Morocco and the Polisario Front have agreed to relinquish the Western Sahara to the camels; and Vietnam is quitting Cambodia. Turkey is even talking to Greece about Cyprus. And the UN's peace-keeping force, under Perez de Cuellar, won the Nobel Prize by living up to its title for once.

It has also been the year of two friendly presidents. Reagan and Gorbachev's summit in Moscow in May sealed agreements to further reduce their countries' nuclear and conventional weaponry and improve verification procedures. Their example spurred their negotiators at the Geneva arms talks to greater progress than ever before between the superpowers.

Thoughts of peace and reconciliation were also on the minds of at least some of the 72,000 people who attended Wembley Stadium on June 11 for a globally-televised concert celebrating the 70th birthday of Nelson Mandela, the goaled African National Congress leader.

Q
QUEUES

There were spectacular queues both on the roads and in airport lounges. At Easter there was a record tailback when traffic on the entire 117-mile stretch of the M4 between Bristol and London came to a standstill. Charter airline passengers across Europe, but especially in Britain, suffered even more than motorists. Last summer there was the worst air traffic congestion ever. Thousands of weary holidaymakers languished in airport lounges as their planes queued for air-space.

R
RUSSIA

Russia's has been the most compelling story of the year. The remarkable candour that has refreshed public life, the earnest move away from rigid economic tenets, and the commitment to human rights have all astonished Western observers. Even the most hawkish were reduced to silence by progress in the arms limitations agreements and the undertaking to withdraw from Afghanistan.

As important as the Reagan visit to Moscow in the spring was the 19th extraordinary All Union meeting of the Communist Party in July. For four days Gorbachev presided over the meeting of 5,000 with a vigorous display of debating skills. At one point he defined the new tolerance: "What we are talking about is a new role of public opinion in the country. There is no need to fear the novel or unconventional character of opinions."

Much followed: forbidden texts were published, the stagnant years of the Brezhnev regime were condemned, Stalin's crimes were exposed, and contemporary corruption was prosecuted. The Soviet people reacted hesitantly. Many dissident groups welcomed the debate, but felt that the restrictions were more or less the same.

S
SCHISM

The Catholic Church was brought into schism for the first time in 118 years by 82-year-old Marcel Lefebvre, the rebel French Archbishop who founded his own breakaway order, the Fraternity of Pius X, at Econe in the Swiss Alps in 1970. Opposed to the reforms of the Second Vatican Council of 1962-65, particularly the abandonment of the Tridentine Latin Mass for the vernacular, Lefebvre carried out on June 20 what he had long threatened: the consecration of his own bishops. Lefebvre met Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger at the Vatican, but negotiations broke down, and Lefebvre and his four bishops—including Briton Richard Williamson—were excommunicated.

The Anglican Church was also threatened by schism over the consecration of women bishops. On August 1 at the Lambeth Conference, traditionalists and progressives passed a compromise resolution by 423 votes to 28, emphasising the need to maintain unity should the more liberal go ahead and consecrate women. But that courtesy hardly stood the strain when the Reverend Barbara Harris was elected suffragan Bishop of Boston by the American Episcopalian Church in September. The Bishop of London, Dr Graham Leonard, a leading traditionalist, promptly said he would not be in communion with her and the Archbishop of Canterbury told the General Synod on November 7 that the Church of England would not recognise Anglican women bishops from abroad.

T
TAKEOVER

Recovery from last year's stock-market crash was quicker and less traumatic than feared, but still left many corporations weak, undervalued and the perfect prey for predators. It was the year of the takeover with British companies alternately playing the role of victim and aggressor. Big British loser was the traditional chocolate firm Rowntree, finally falling to Nestlé after an all-Swiss battle involving Suchard. Tiny Rowland's Lonrho group fought off two potential buyers and Consolidated Gold Fields managed to get hostile attention from South African-linked mining giant Minorco referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. But it was not all unfriendly one-way traffic into Britain. Michael Green's Carlton Communications provided the great British success story by taking over America's Technicolor, and Robert Maxwell was in hot pursuit of US publishers Macmillan.

TURKEY

British holidaymakers went to Turkey in their droves in 1988, doubling the 1987 total, while corresponding figures for Greece, Turkey's great rival, dropped by 11.6 per cent. Significantly, this tourist explosion came at a time when Turkey is seeking economic integration with Western Europe. And while its application for membership of the EEC is under review, Turkey is on its best behaviour as far as human rights are concerned. Last summer it gave shelter to 100,000 Kurdish refugees fleeing persecution in Iraq.

"Turkeys" of the year included the London Palladium show *Ziegfeld*, which closed in October after six months, costing impresario Harold Fielding an estimated £2.5 million; and the women's weekly magazine, *Riva*, which folded after only six issues and lost publishers IPC £4·5m. A more popular failure was Eddie "The Eagle" Edwards, the Cheltenham plasterer who came hopelessly last in the 90-metre ski-jump at the Winter Olympics, but won the hearts of the public with his cheery manner.



FRANK SPOONER

Marcel Lefebvre precipitated the first schism in the Roman Catholic Church for 118 years

TYSON

Mike Tyson, the greatest heavyweight boxer of our time, also became known as a brute out of the ring. Whether this was entirely true did not seem to bother the American media, which found Tyson's exploits welcome relief from the dry performances of the American Presidential candidates.

Tyson fractured his right hand in a street brawl with Mitch Green. Green is said to have implied that Tyson was a homosexual and a cheat. Tyson, a man of fragile self-esteem, lurched from one disaster to the next. He crashed his BMW car (not the one he had spontaneously given to two New York policemen) in what was rumoured to be a suicide attempt. More harmful, perhaps was the



REX FEATURES

Robert Maxwell in hot pursuit of Macmillan

worsening state of his marriage. His wife of eight months, actress Robin Givens, filed for divorce and sweetly divulged that "at times Michael is a maniac." She suggested alimony of $15m.

U
URBAN DEVELOPMENT

Soaring property prices and a planning free-for-all peaked in late summer because of steeply rising interest rates, but the impetus to redevelop London continued apace. In this, the growing commercialisation—and privatisation—of nationalised industries played a prominent part. British Rail, for example, undertook development of land from Holborn Viaduct to Blackfriars, at Cannon Street and Bishopsgate, and around King's Cross. The latter site of 125 acres will constitute the biggest inner-city development in Europe, and there was fierce rivalry for the job of redeveloping. The architects will be Norman Foster Associates and Skidmore, Owings, Merrill, a company also involved in London's second-largest building site at Canary Wharf. There was great public consternation in April when plans for the Wharf disclosed that it would include London's largest tower: 800 feet high—200 feet higher than the National Westminster building. Its construction by the fast-track method renders plausible its completion date of March 1992. In Richmond, prime-site land caused a different kind of controversy when four leading members of Richmond's Conservative Association resigned after declaring an interest in phase two of the Hampton development. At the end of October, Quinlan Terry's "classical" Riverside development was formally opened by the Queen. Despite approval from Prince Charles there were cries of "pastiche", "façadism" and "scissors and paste architecture".



ANDREW WITTUK

London: the world's biggest building site?

V
VALE

Valedictions to the following: Trevor Howard, star of film classics *Brief Encounter* and *The Third Man*, died aged 71. Baron Philippe de Rothschild, vineyard owner and theatre director, 85. Percy Thrower, the TV gardener, 75.

Crossroads, the soap opera, closed after 23 years. Alan Paton, South African author, 75. John Stonehouse, the former Labour MP who faked his death in 1974, 62. Kenneth Williams, comedian and *Carry On* star, 62. Michael Ramsay, former Archbishop of Canterbury, 83.

Zola Budd, the South African-born British athlete, withdrew from international competition. Kim Philby, Britain's most notorious spy, died in Moscow, aged 76.

Unilateral disarmament was dropped from the Labour Party agenda, and Denzil Davies resigned as Labour defence spokesman. Russell Harty, the TV presenter died aged 53.

Jimmy Edwards, the comedian, 68. Barbara Woodhouse, the dog trainer, 78. The DHSS ceased to exist as a single body and was reorganised into the Health Ministry and the Social Security Ministry. Jeff Gutteridge, the pole vaulter, was forced to give up competition for life after being found guilty of taking steroids.

Mathias Rust, who landed his light aircraft in Red Square in 1987, said farewell to Moscow prison and returned home to West Germany. Sebastian Coe kissed goodbye to his Olympic chances when he failed to win selection for the British team. Enzo Ferrari, designer of the racing car, 90. Sir Frederick Ashton, founder choreographer of the Royal Ballet, 83.

Roy Kinnear, the actor, 54. The EETPU ceased to be part of the TUC when it was expelled for making no-strike agreements. Andrei Gromyko was forcibly retired as Soviet President, one of several casualties of Gorbachev's radical Politburo reshuffle.

Sir Sacheverell Sitwell, brother to Edith and Osbert, 90. Sir Edward Hulton, founder of *Picture Post*, 81. Charles Hawtrey, star of 23 *Carry On* films, 73. Pietro Annigoni, the Italian artist and portraitist, 78.

VIRUS

Seals, yuppies, children and computers all suffered from viruses. In July, myalgic encephalitis, the enigmatic ME disease afflicting the young middle-classes, was dismissed by a London research team as old-fashioned tiredness. Other viruses could not be so easily dismissed. While an unexplained outbreak of meningitis at the beginning of the year ceased as suddenly as it started, numerous conferences debated, without success, the prospects of a cure for AIDS.

Meanwhile, another scourge, less obviously threatening, was showing terrifying potential. Computer viruses were wiping memory banks and scrambling data worldwide. Like its biological counterpart, a computer virus is an information disorder capable of replicating itself. Unlike an organic virus, it is placed in the host deliberately, from where it will infect all software used by the computer. The Pentagon was quick to assure the public that its machinery was immune. But, if you were to add one scrambled piece of information, to one wrong button. . . .



REX FEATURES

Complete turkey or popular hero—like him or not there is no doubt that Eddie "The Eagle" Edwards came last in the Olympic ski-jump



Benazir Bhutto, named Prime Minister by President Ghulam Ishaq Khan of Pakistan, after proving to be "the people's choice" in the country's first election for 10 years

W
WELFARE

The Government proudly encouraged individuals to stand on their own two feet with the introduction of the Social Services Bill, the Housing Bill, the Education Reform Bill, the freezing of child benefits and the introduction of eye-test charges.

Throughout the year nurses in a variety of organisations battled against changes to their working conditions and the continued underfinancing of the National Health Service. In January the Royal Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons and Obstetricians condemned the Government's handling of the crisis; the Royal College of Nursing called for demonstrations and lobbying, and three London hospitals voted for strike action. Regrading of nursing staff proved the next problem and though, in August, the Department of Health said that most sisters would be given the higher grading, NUPE and COHSE remained unconvinced.

By October, nurses throughout the country had chosen to work to rule while they appealed against what they saw as a definite downgrading. In November, the nurses requested the intervention of ACAS. Kenneth Clarke, Secretary of State for Health said, "there is no question of our going back on negotiations".

In February, Education Secretary Kenneth Baker announced the abolition of the Inner London Education Authority. Academics and educationalists denounced the confusing plans for the introduction of a national curriculum. On November 25, students demonstrating on Westminster Bridge against Government proposals to freeze grants and introduce top-up loans, were charged by mounted police. On September 12, Edwina Currie suggested that pensioners should prepare for winter by buying long-johns. Two months later the Chancellor of the Exchequer was reported as having suggested means-testing pensioners; an idea he hotly denied. His autumn statement to the House of Commons on November 2 contained two surprises. Public housing expenditure will rise by £440 million next year—an increase more than covered by the sale of council housing, and the NHS is to be given an extra £1.2 billion, a real terms increase of 4.5 per cent.

X
XENOPHOBIA

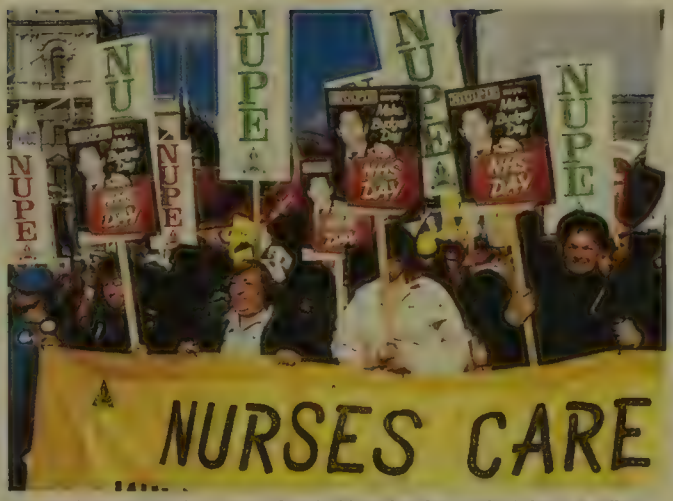
Against the prospect of a single European market in 1992 and the construction of a Channel Tunnel to be opened in 1993, Mrs Thatcher launched a series of attacks during September and October on the growing concept of a "United States of Europe". Addressing the College of Europe in Bruges, she expressed vigorous opposition to a European central bank and, in particular, any vision of a Europe which suppressed national sovereignty. On Jimmy Young's BBC radio show, she declared that "people are proud of being British". Her announcement that Leon Brittan will replace the pro-European Lord Cockfield as Britain's European commissioner, was widely interpreted as a rebuke to advocates of a Europe without frontiers. Jacques Delors, president of the European Commission, who espouses, with equal passion, an "embryo European government", told the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro* that the British Prime Minister was the only European leader who "cannot and will not accept" full economic union.

REX FEATURES



General Zia ul-Haq died in a crash

NETWORK



National Health Service nurses fought bitter battles against down-grading



GAMMA

The Israeli army forcibly contained a Palestinian uprising in the occupied territories

Y
YORKS

The Duchess of York's motherhood preoccupied the tabloids for an entire year. There was the is-she/isn't-she ritual in January, and then the Big Event itself at 8.18pm on the 8.8.88—a date, we were told, of profound numerological significance. The birth provided plenty of editorial in the dog-days of August, although *The Independent*, concentrating perversely on minor issues like the Gulf ceasefire, covered it in only 15 words.

The Princess's arrival, and the long drawn-out affair of Choosing a Name, proved something of a respite for the Duchess, whereas her alleged failure as a mother allowed the tabloids to indulge to the full their alarmingly reactionary attitude to women. In March, she was reckless—stubbornly refusing to give up her skiing, though only four months pregnant. By October she was heartless—having left Princess Bea on September 21 for a 16-day tour of Australia. Her decision to extend her trip by four weeks unleashed torrents of vitriol. "You're a national disgrace," admonished Jean Rook.

Z
ZIA

The suspected assassination of General Zia ul-Haq on August 17 ended 11 years of despotic rule in Pakistan. General Zia, who was 64 when his plane exploded on an internal flight, came to power in a military coup in 1977 which overthrew Prime Minister Bhutto. Zia's reign was often cruel: he hanged Bhutto and introduced the death penalty for many minor offences. He was, however, an important ally for the West. While he never controlled the large export of heroin from Pakistan, in which some of his own army officers were involved, he allowed the country to act as the main conduit for American arms supplies to the Afghan rebels.

Zia made many enemies, among them Bhutto's daughter, Benazir, who waged a successful campaign in the November elections, despite her pregnancy and the scheming of President Ishaq, Zia's successor. Intelligence sources believed that the assassination was planned outside Pakistan, possibly by the Palestinian terrorist group of Abu Nidal, which had lost five members to Zia's executioner. More likely culprits were the Russians, who had long been aggrieved by Zia's involvement in the Afghanistan strife.

ZIONISM

Forty years after the state of Israel was established, its contradictions have never been more apparent. Palestinians inside the occupied territories started, and sustained, an uprising which the Israeli army forcibly (some would say brutally) contained but failed to arrest. Palestinians outside, led by Yasser Arafat, patched up their quarrels and astutely declared the new nation of Palestine, thus implicitly recognising for the first time the state of Israel. Internally, the country is split as never before, with the hard-liners ascendant and none so happy as the Jewish extremists who hold the balance of political power in the new parliament.

But even they may have gone too far in alienating American jewry by their insistence on excluding from Israel Jews who have been converted by the wrong kind of rabbi.



Where do people go after the Caribbean, the Bahamas and Mauritius? Why, Mauritius of course.

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Do so called luxury hotels elsewhere, get by with fewer than three members of staff per guest?

Do they build with materials other than basalt, whitewashed stucco and thatched sugar cane: with concrete and steel-perhaps?

At dinner, do they sit you down to a choice of four mouth-watering cuisines (French, Chinese, Indian and Creole) or just one?

And when it's time to enjoy the warmest waters in the world, do they provide free watersports or just expect you to splash about in the shallows all day?

But we are being ungracious. Is it fair to lampoon other tropical islands when they provide us with some of our best customers?

Mauritius after all, is not just another holiday paradise.

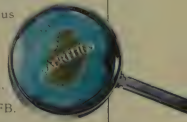
Our people for instance: five different cultures (the official language incidently is English) and six religions all living in perfect harmony, has made Mauritius the friendliest island in the world.

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If you would like more information, you can contact us at the Mauritius Government Tourist Office, 49 Conduit Street, London W1R 9FB. Telephone: 01-437 7508. (24 hrs.)



AIR MAURITIUS

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THE HOUSE THAT MATTHEW BUILT

Matthew Evans admits that he is not a great reader, but the chairman of Faber & Faber has withstood criticisms of vulgarity and revitalised the fortunes of T. S. Eliot's grand old publishing house

CATHERINE BENNETT

How delightful to meet Matthew Evans! Everyone wants to know him, with his light-hearted ways, his humour and his publishing house where everything is clever, or foreign, or new. And how even more delightful to *be* Matthew Evans! To look down on Bloomsbury from a big, sunny office with slanting designer-shelves, and prop your feet on a waste-paper basket and say, "Now there's nothing left to fight against, really." To attend the Booker prize-giving and see your author win. To walk into the Groucho Club and know that some of it belongs to you.

And better still, to have friends and colleagues who say, "Oh, Matthew's really wonderful", "He plays for my cricket team", "Oh, Matthew's so loyal", "Matthew's helplessly good-natured". True, there is a friend who once described Evans, the chairman of Faber & Faber, as "voraciously unread", but that turns out to be "totally a joke". The joker—Nicholas Shakespeare, *The Daily Telegraph*'s literary editor—is loyally fulsome in his praise of Evans; even considers him the best head of any British publishing house. "Just look at the list. What they publish, they publish with passion. And it's a passion that he's allowed to get through."

Passion was not a word, in the 60s, that many would have applied to Faber & Faber. As the publisher of T.S. Eliot and half the leading literary names of the 30s and 40s, the company was like a richly-stuffed mausoleum: awe-inspiring, but hardly vibrant. There was little to stir the emotions in a fiction list which featured around half-a-dozen names and showed little sign of growing. This hierarchy which still forbade female employees to smoke or wear trousers and discouraged social intercourse between youth and age. T.S. Eliot was still working at Faber & Faber when Evans joined in 1964, but they never met. "It would have been inconceivable to introduce somebody coming in at my age to Eliot," says Evans. "I hated it."

Matthew Evans remembers how he and a young colleague, Mary-Kay Wilmers, were sent to the Frankfurt Book Fair and returned with a memo for their superiors. "It was about how Faber's wasn't well regarded—about how it was regarded as a grand old publishing house, but not much more. It didn't actually count for much in the modern world. This got us into the most awful trouble."

But Mary-Kay Wilmers, now co-editor of *The London Review of Books*, recalls a more indulgent reaction. "I don't remember getting into trouble," she said. "He and I had a terrifically good time, and they congratulated themselves on having us there—it was one of their qualities that they employed us and we criticised them." Faber vehicles, she reminds you, once carried the legend, "Faber Books are in the Van".

She and Evans persisted in their schemes for new publishing houses and "taking over the world" and began, in a small way, to get back in the van. "It sort of changed people's ideas of Faber's, really, the whole thing of him and I going about in the world. It wasn't like the Faber people they were used to."

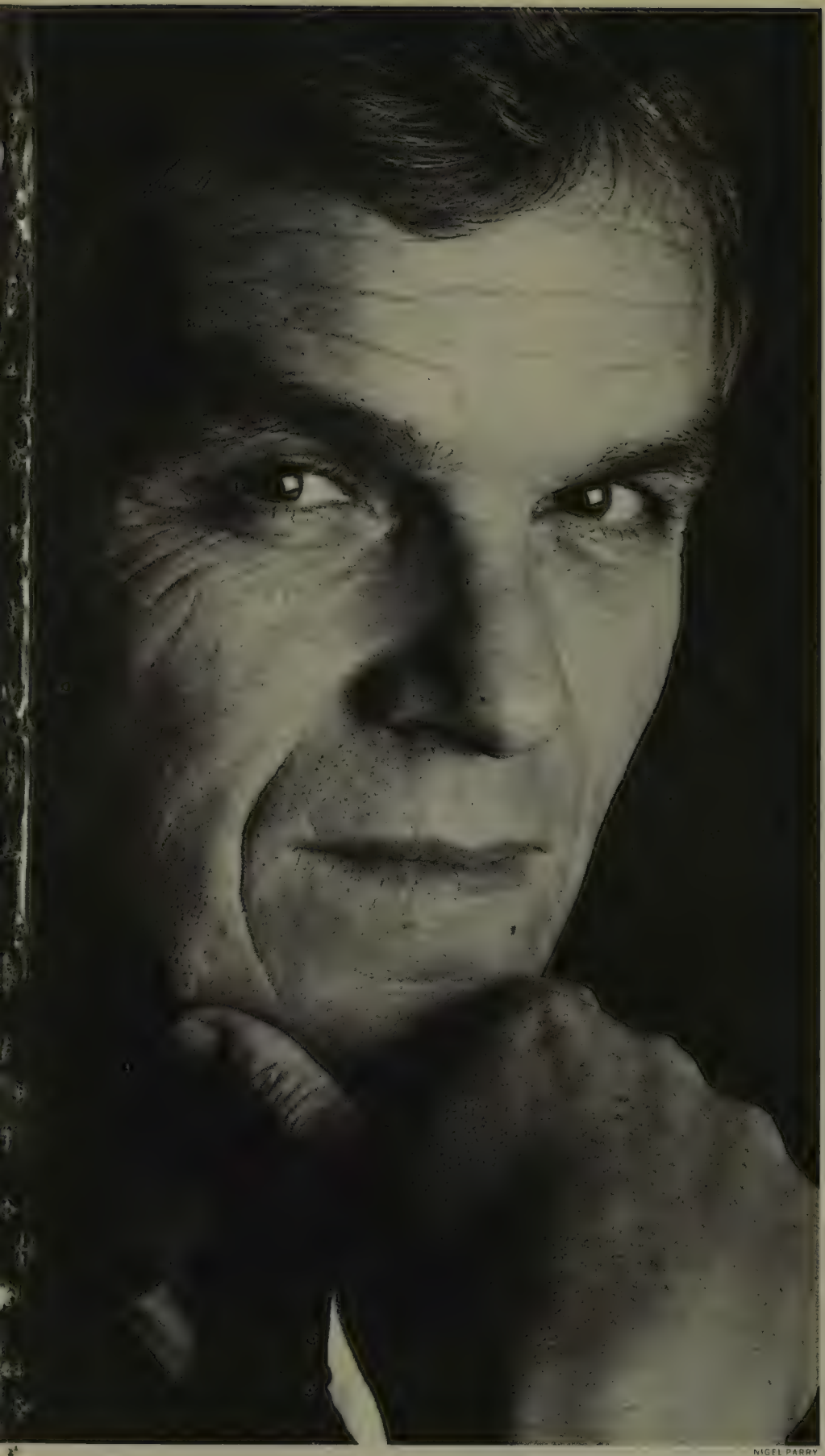
"His father was a poet and a visionary, and his mother was a commonsensical Quaker and he is a remarkable combination of those qualities"

But it was not until the early 80s, when Evans had become chairman, that he was free to become the saviour of Faber & Faber: raising a fiction list from the dead; redesigning everything; offering pop star Pete Townshend a job—and restoring the profits. Now he is 47: a spruce, diminutive man with a taste for expensive leather jackets and renowned throughout the Groucho Club for having put Faber back among the first rank of publishing companies. "It has all the virtues that you look for in an independent publishing house," says Michael Sissons, the literary agent and friend of Matthew Evans. "It has, above all, consistency. You can go away to write a novel, and come back two years later and find that Faber is the same publishing house, which cannot be said of excellent publishing houses like Secker & Warburg. You leave Secker in 1985 in a nice place in Poland Street, and come back in 1988 to find that what they consist of is a corridor in Michelin House . . . Matthew put tremendous vigour back in the firm and started doing all the right things right."

This "arts tsar" (another besotted friend), this middle-aged boy wonder, this publisher of Kundera and Carey, was advised by his mother to become a bricklayer or possibly a farmhand. "She was a Quaker," Evans explains, knocking the ash off a cigarette. "It probably had something to do with the wholesome, innocent life that one was supposed to lead." His father, George Ewart Evans, was Welsh, not a Quaker, and an oral historian whose own career was probably too idiosyncratic to provide any kind of useful example to young Evans.

The son of a shopkeeper, he was a good-natured Stalinist who had maintained his studies for his classics degree by running as a semi-professional athlete. After the war he gave up his job in order to write, taking the lives of Suffolk farmworkers as the subject of his first book, *Ask the Fellow who Cut the Hay*. He cleaned and cooked and looked after his four children while his wife was headmistress of Blaxhall school.

Evans and his three sisters were taught by their mother, who pre-empted charges of favouritism by blaming them for any class-room insurrection. "I've always felt that Matthew is a marvellous mix of his father and mother," says Peter du Sautoy, a former chairman of Faber and a friend of Matthew Evans; he gave him his first publishing job. "His father was a poet and a visionary, and his mother was a down-to-earth,



NIGEL PARRY

commonsensical Quaker, who kept everybody in order, and he's a remarkable combination of those qualities. I think he's got the charisma of the Welsh but he will always, I think, in the end do the sensible thing – mother will see to that."

Evans was sent to a Quaker boarding-school in Saffron Walden where he was very good at games and bad at everything else. At 13, he was kept down a year and three years later was considering a traineeship in the Inland Revenue, or PE teaching. Happily for Faber & Faber, Evans underwent an academic renaissance. He applied for a place at the London School of Economics, told his interviewer he had been on the Aldermaston march, and was instantly offered an unconditional place.

Some pupils from Saffron Walden, lulled into a Quakerish faith in the intrinsic goodness and nobility of their fellow men, were unable to manage the reality of the outside world. Evans, too, remembers it as a shock. But he recovered sufficiently to enjoy three "absolutely wonderful" years at the LSE, which then throbbed with political agitation for causes which he now barely recollects. His politics are "wishy-washy radical", but radical enough for him to scatter caustic references to "Thatcher's authors", who succumb to the advances of publishing conglomerates and "these yuppy students who seem just to want very good degrees".

Evans left the LSE with a third in economics; the careers officer told him he would make a damn good army officer. Instead, he applied three times to the BBC. Finally, they told him to get some experience in something like publishing and come back later. Evans's father was a Faber author: "It meant I was able to get in through the front door."

There were a few months spent working in various London bookshops, where Evans says he enjoyed taking money, and then he became assistant to Peter du Sautoy, opening the mail and copying proof corrections. "For some time I thought I'd made the most dreadful mistake. It was amazingly *social*. There were the directors and the servants, and there was nothing between them." Mary-Kay Wilmers vaguely remembers the arrival of Ewart Evans's son "and his not being like that, not being particularly literary—as he isn't now—and it not really mattering, and he had a terrifically good way, as he has now, of getting on with people and then sticking his tongue out behind their backs. We used to have a very good time. At Frankfurt people would come to the stand and we would talk to them very solemnly and sort of giggle at the same time."

Evans became more prominent, thanks to du Sautoy's and Faber's trust, even after he had misinformed one author that his royalties would make him £50,000. The author booked a cruise. The correct figure was £5,000. "He seemed to be able to work these deals that nobody at Faber appeared ever to have done," says Mary-Kay Wilmers. "There was a Faber way of doing things, which wasn't altogether unsuccessful, but it wasn't to do with getting vast amounts of money." Evans had decided that publishing was fascinating. "It's very easy to lose large amounts of money," he says, "and it's very difficult to make money. It's a knife-edge operation and I find that really exciting."

By the early 70s, the knife-edge was starting to look more like a financial crisis and, in what Evans calls a "palace revolution", du Sautoy was made chairman and he became managing director, causing two of the senior staff to resign. But Evans was not yet able to revive the fiction list or the "amazingly complacent" sales department. He returned to the BBC, pointing out that he now had experience in publishing. They again refused to give him a job. But when du Sautoy left, Evans became chairman and started on his strategy.

"I'd realised that Faber would only progress if one just got in a lot of people who would be very young and gave them space and let them get on with it," he says. "They would either succeed or fail, and if they succeeded, terrific, and if they failed, they would get fired." Fortunately, he

began by taking on Robert McCrum, then aged 24.

Evans looks across at shelves laden with books by authors with names like Puig, Mohanty, Chun-Chan Yeh and Hammarskjöld, and admits he has not read many of them. He likes thrillers and John le Carré. In fact, he really prefers watching television and films to reading. "We've all got to have our roles," he says. "One of the reasons we all get on is we all know what we are supposed to do, and there are no territorial battles. Robert has a healthy disrespect for me as a literary figure, and I have a total contempt for him as a businessman, and that combination works rather well."

Some way down the corridor, McCrum, a friend of Matthew Evans, hoists his feet on to a desk and hails his chairman. "A lot of publishers who are running companies are basically editors and in many ways out of their depth. The great thing about Faber's is it's really run by somebody who knows about managing people and can hold a meeting. He's a brilliant chairman and writes brilliant memos." McCrum thinks Faber would not be here without Evans.

Some people who are less attached to Faber think that it would not be here at all without the musical *Cats*, which makes the company about £1 million a year in royalties. "Our reaction is, yeah, sure, probably would be—screw you," Evans remarks, smiling. The *Cats* money has helped him to build up a big paperback list, to buy the freehold of the Faber offices and warehouse, and indulge in a frenzy of re-design—the most blatant signal that Faber books were back in the van. "I thought Faber books looked shoddy," he says. "I've never been able to decide why British books look so terrible." The two little "ffs" which have replaced "Faber" on the spine of every book, are strewn over the papers on Evans's tidily cluttered desk. "It was a total redesign programme," he says proudly, flourishing "ff"-headed memos. "You see, it's absolutely designed... It caused a great deal of unhappiness within the firm, the reps hated it, but I just said this is going to happen."

Evans announces that he is obsessed with design, and his friends have noted how interest extends to the details of his clothing, in which he is said to invest large sums. When he left an Armani coat behind with Louis Baum and Liz Calder, the editor of *The Bookseller* and an editorial director of Bloomsbury Publishing, it struck them as a very good trick to cut out the designer-label and replace it with one from Marks & Spencer—even though reprisal would be inevitable. "He used to be a great practical joker," says Baum, a friend of Matthew Evans. "But it's a long time since he played a practical joke on anyone. I think that's the result of his having aged considerably. He's growing old and he's losing his sense of mischief. He's slowly becoming an Establishment figure without even noticing it." Baum was particularly distressed to hear Evans pontificating about love and the "human condition" in one of the Sunday newspapers. "I mean, he wouldn't have been seen *dead* saying that a few years ago. I think he's gone soft in the head."

But Evans still possessed enough faculties a few weeks ago to take swift action against Peter Hillmore, the *Observer* columnist who had written an emotional denunciation of Faber's book *The Suzy Lamplugh Story*. Evans told the chairman of the Suzy Lamplugh Trust that Hillmore would make an admirable trustee. "I said he'd be absolutely perfect, because he's a man who adopts the moral high ground, he has a great social conscience and he's in the media. This is the beginning of my revenge against Hillmore."

Books such as this have been used as evidence that Evans's "ff" is a vulgar corruption of Faber & Faber. He may have a fine fiction list, but he also has *Who's Had Who*, *Porn Gold* and Stephen Bayley on cars and sex. But Evans's massed supporters insist that his heart is still in the right place, in what McCrum calls the "Faber soul" of fiction and poetry.

"I think that Matthew's subconscious belongs to the world of the old Faber; that is the dignity, mystery and mastery of that firm," says Seamus Heaney, who was first published by Faber in 1966. "It isn't just because of the firm, it's because of his father, I think, and the values and affections which are not metropolitan. So there is in him, at a deep and quiet level, a sense of the worth and previousness of all that—and there is also a very factual businessman's intelligence about the way publishing has to move..."

Thankfully, Evans's movement has not yet followed the direction of the numerous middle-sized, quality publishing houses which have now been absorbed into rich, oddly-assembled conglomerates where editors flit restlessly from salary to salary, leaving their authors behind them. In this Matthew Evans, who says he used to enjoy "sticking up two fingers" at the publishing establishment, has become one of its most traditional figures, standing for quaint notions such as continuity and commitment to authors. Even if it wanted to, Faber could not compete with any conglomerate intent on winning one of the big author-auctions now staged by agents avidly aware of market forces.

"What we have to do is be faster and smarter than other publishers," Evans says, citing the canny, early signing of Paul Auster, the American author of *The New York Trilogy*, who could easily sell himself more dearly now that Faber have made his name in Britain.

"That doesn't interest me," says Auster, "because one is assuming one is in for the long haul, and one never knows what is going to happen. It would be foolish to give up people who care about you for immediate gratification." Auster enjoys the intimacy of Faber, compared to the atmosphere at Viking, his American publishers, where he barely knows the name of the chairman. He even got the impression that Evans had read his book. "I like him more each time I see him," says Auster, who is clearly going to become another friend of Matthew Evans. "I find him very warm and extremely funny."

It is hard to find anyone who does not. Evans's wife, whom he recently left, probably finds her husband less warm than hitherto; otherwise, only Max Stafford-Clark, the artistic director of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre, of which Evans is chairman, is commonly said to find his colleague less than delightful. "He probably runs Faber's very well," says Stafford-Clark, artfully. And the Royal Court? "I don't think there's any comment I really want to make at the moment."

Evans says he likes organisations with problems. Indeed, he seems simply to like organisations, whether leading a writers' delegation or going to regular meetings at the British Film Institute, of which he is a governor.

"I'm ambitious, but I don't know what I'm ambitious for," he says, sounding inexpressibly boyish. "I've been managing director of Faber's for 16 years, and one hopes that at some stage one will do something different, although Christ only knows what." ■

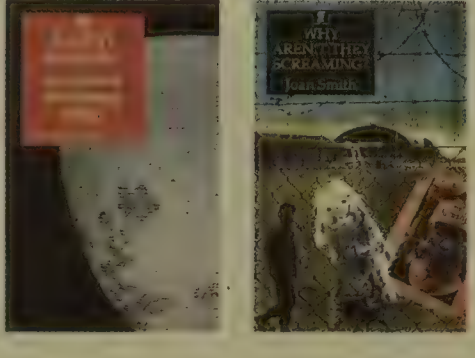


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Royalties from *Cats*, based on the poems of T. S. Eliot, above, enabled Evans to institute a total redesign programme. It caused unhappiness within the firm, but coupled with taking risks on new authors, like Kazuo Ishiguro and Booker prize-winner Peter Carey, it has been highly successful





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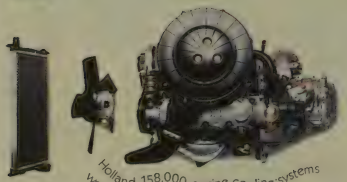
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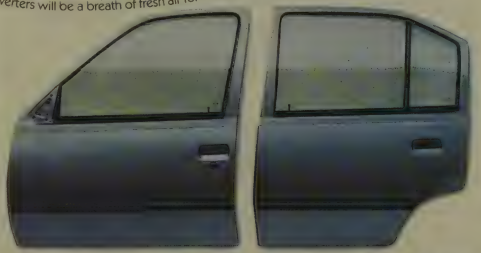












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THE JAPANESE IN LONDON

They have their own school, newspaper, tailors and golf-courses. They start factories, buy up property, and ship back East collections of Western art. But the Japanese families in Golders Green or Kingston remain as inscrutable to their neighbours as they would in Tokyo. Chris Blackhurst examines the life-styles of the "salarymen"—the bankers, middle-managers and corporate executives who come to London for the greater glory of the yen

Driving along Coombe Lane in suburban Kingston on a Saturday morning can be a galling experience. The normally fast short cut from affluent Coombe Hill to Kingston's town centre is frequently blocked by Toyota Corollas and Nissan Bluebirds attempting the tightest of manoeuvres. The resident Japanese are doing their weekly shopping. First they queue at Jarvis the fishmonger for their main-course squid and tuna steak. Then to Miura Foods for the authentic touch: Japanese sweet rice and salted jellyfish, with Asahi beer.

Elsewhere in London, the picture is the same. In Finchley, at Yoshino Ya. In Putney, at Mikado Ya. In the West End, at Ninjin. Japanese food shops are booming, and it is not hard to see why. Four years ago, 411 Japanese companies had operations in Britain. Today there are 700. In 1980, Britain had 11,000 Japanese residents. Now there are 26,000—of whom more than 20,000 live in London. There is a cluster of about 5,000 families in Golders Green and Finchley, with another 2,000 in Wimbledon, Kingston and Ealing in west London. They have developed a community providing their own shops, restaurants, doctors, hairdressers, opticians, schools, tailors and newspapers. For £4, they can buy their own Japanese phone directory. For £22, they can play on their own golf course.

Theirs is a suburban, private world. They dress similarly in beige raincoat, dark suit, light blue drip-dry shirt, and black shoes and live, work, drink and play golf together. Rarely do they mix with their neighbours, and when they do, they often feel shy and awkward. Inevitably, their English is, at best, moderate. Coming from a land where "no" is rarely used and sarcasm is unheard of, they will often keep smiling rather than give or take offence.

Our own double standards do not help. We welcome their money, be it £22.5 million for Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* or £143 million for the *Financial Times* building in the City or £200 million for a new factory in South Wales; but we do not welcome them. Rupert Murdoch sells the old *Sun* building to a Japanese construction company, Kumagai Gumi, for £72 million. Later, *The Sun* wishes that the dying Emperor Hirohito would "rot in hell". Some golf clubs, many of whose members use Japanese equipment, refuse to allow them to join.

We tend to lump them together as just another breed of foreigner, another group of immigrants on the make. Even worse, in their eyes, we mistake them for Chinese or Koreans. "I am tired of everyone assuming I am Chinese," says a Japanese embassy employee. "We are not like the Chinese. We do not have triads, and at some point we are actually going home."

The contrast between the well-educated, wealthy Japanese, most of whom are known in their own language as "salarymen"—bankers, middle-managers and corporate executives—and the British notion of a foreign worker as a Pakistani shopkeeper or Spanish waiter, could not be more marked. The salarymen come, not because they want or need to, but because their companies tell them to do so. They would never dream of saying no. They are here not for self-



BARBARA BELLINGHAM

advancement, but for the greater glory of the yen. However senior they are, the real power continues to reside in Tokyo. "Contrary to what the British might think, there is no prestige in being posted to London," says Koko Clarke of the Japanese Information Centre.

They invariably return home, where everything works and deliveries are made on time. Until then, they must grin and bear it. Unlike the British colonial officials of old, these modern imperialists do not interfere. Instead, they concentrate on blending into the background.

Not all the Japanese are so hidebound. Others, like graphic designers, copywriters, freelancers and students, find their countrymen's corporate obsession hard to stomach. Says a graphic designer: "I came here to get away from Japan, so what do I find but Japanese restaurants and shops selling videos of TV programmes."

Currently, the most senior salaryman in Britain is the head of Nomura International, Hitoshi Tonomura. Aged 50, and married with one daughter, Tonomura is the London representative of the world's most powerful financial institution, Tokyo's Nomura Securities. As a result, says David Morris of the Anglo-Japanese Economic Institute: "Nobody in London can outmatch his financial and business clout." With a market capitalisation of $60 billion, Nomura could, if it wished, take over any company it wanted. That it does not is a tribute to the Japanese wish not to be seen as different.

For his part, Tonomura explains the bank's philosophy as one of *dochakuka*, a Japanese word meaning "becoming part of the local soil". Certainly, Tonomura's own attempts at *dochakuka* have been very successful. Generally reckoned, according to his PR man, "to be the second-best English speaker in London after [quite properly] the ambassador", he fits in perfectly at Coombe Hill Golf Club in Kingston and Les Ambassadeurs in Park Lane. But, as with most Japanese of his rank, becoming part of the local soil effectively means going underground: he keeps a very low profile.

It is a Japanese convention not to seem pushy or to seek self-publicity. Many Japanese of his generation were aghast when Akio Morita, the founder of Sony, wrote his autobiography and proved even more forthcoming in a *Playboy* interview. These are the Japanese who rebuilt their country after the last war, yet grew up before westernisation. They are driven by peer-group pressure, according to Amins Nikovskis, a western expert on Japanese culture, who works in the corporate planning department at Daiwa Europe. "They follow a kind of egalitarianism. They believe that there are stages in their life and career which are marked out by their job titles, quite explicitly. Their title marks their peer group, and within that peer group nobody wants to be seen trying to get ahead. It is regarded as unfair—almost as a form of exhibitionism."

Below them is a generation which privately takes a more relaxed attitude yet dares not break with tradition—a tradition, moreover, which is being interpreted even more strictly out of courtesy to the ailing "living god", Emperor Hirohito. "At the moment, even more than usual," says Nikovskis, "there is a general reluctance to appear in public and behave as though nothing has happened to the Emperor. A press interview, for example, might be regarded as a public appearance. If it was given at the wrong time, it would not be good for the individual in his or her career."

Someone who managed to penetrate the wall of inscrutability however, is a Scotsman, Brian Kay. In 1985, Kay, then a member of the Centre for Japanese Studies at Stirling University, founded Britain's first weekly Japanese newspaper, *Eikoku News Digest*, a translation into Japanese of British news reports (*Eikoku* means "English"). Three years later, it sells 6,000 copies a week. Kay recently conducted a survey among his readers. Of the 177 who replied, 96 were men, 81 women, and 116 were single. Seventy-nine worked for Japanese companies, five were civil servants, nine were company directors, 15 ran their own businesses, 37 were students, and 32 housewives. Forty-four were here for two to three years, while 48 (which perhaps gives an indication as to how little influence they have over where they go) said they had no idea how long they were here for.

According to Kay, the demand for Japanese employees is at an all-time high. "The Japanese are very conscious of being Japanese. They trust



London's Japanese School: In demand JOHN COLE

Japanese people more than English. And it is not just Japanese companies who want Japanese staff, but English companies who want them to deal with their customers in Tokyo. Everyone wants them. Unfortunately, work permits are increasingly difficult to obtain."

Another with first-hand knowledge of the Japanese is Quentin Phillips of the accommodation agency, Japan Services. For 10 years Phillips has been finding properties for the salarymen. "Over that period, business has increased year by year," he says. "But there was a blip last year with the stock-market crash. Until then, there had been a massive expansion by the Japanese financial houses. Now they have put everything on hold, and not many new people are coming over."

As well as an accommodation bureau, Japan Services also operates a travel service and recruitment agency, all for the Japanese. Based in Brewer Street, Soho (which, with its Japanese bookshop and three restaurants, is becoming, in Phillips's words, "the Japan-town of Soho"), it employs a staff of 30, of whom five are Japanese.

Finding them property is lucrative. In the north-west, the Japanese are particular that their houses be within a short walk of Finchley Central, Woodside Park or Golders Green tubes. The reason for the insistence on the Northern Line is historic, says Phillips. "About 20 years ago, for some unknown reason, a Japanese doctor set up shop in Golders Green. Naturally, the Japanese moved into the area. Then the Japanese School opened in Parkway, in Camden Town, and they all wanted to be near the Northern Line so that they could drop off the kids in the morning and carry on to the City."

It is also no coincidence that the most favoured Japanese areas are strongly Jewish. Traditionally, says Mr Miura of Miura Foods: "Jews tended to have second houses to rent. They preferred investing that way rather than putting their money in the bank. It was safer. And the Japanese have found that they like renting from Jewish people. They are business-like and efficient." The feeling is mutual. Says Shingo Hayashi of *Eikoku News*: "Jewish people prefer to rent to Japanese. Most are on company lets and pay good money. Also, they have no particular feelings against the Jews."

In April 1987, though, the importance of the Northern Line diminished when the school moved west to bigger premises in Acton. Immediately, property prices in neighbouring Ealing soared. In the Japanese pecking order, the north-west is still number one, with Ealing a close second and the southern axis of Wimbledon, New Malden and Kingston a poor third. Even Miura, with his shop in Kingston, admits: "They live here because there are no suitable houses in Golders Green and Finchley. As soon as a house becomes available there, they move."

But it is not so simple. So specific are their requirements that Phillips now encourages any British moving abroad to buy houses in popular Japanese areas, to furnish them to Japanese standards, and then to let them through his agency. He says: "The beauty of the scheme is that the house is appreciating because it is in London and that you know, because you have a Japanese tenant, that it is being well looked after and that the rent will always come in on time."

Typically, a newly-arrived salaryman will leave his wife and children in Tokyo and stay in a bachelor flat, while he spends at least three months searching for a suitable property. He is looking for the plainest, most nondescript house imaginable: ideally, a standard 1930s, three-bedroom semi, as close as possible to the tube. A four-bedroom one is not correct. Phillips explains: "If we find a house for a junior which is better and cheaper than his boss's, he will not take it. It's just not done. If his boss has three beds for £300 per week, and we find him four for the same price, he won't have it. Instead of being a bargain, it becomes a social problem."

If the house has a large garden, it will automatically be rejected. "They want small gardens. Coming from Tokyo, they are not used to gardens and don't know what to do with them," says Phillips. One mistake Japan Services made

when it first started was to encourage landlords to install traditional oriental furniture. The Japanese were not interested. As soon as they saw a futon, they backed out. They wanted English furniture.

Says Phillips: "The Japanese businessmen who come here are ultra-conservative, in every sense. Politically, they are somewhere to the right of Mrs Thatcher. Taste-wise, they are not prepared to be adventurous. They don't want antiques because they are scared of damaging them, and they don't want Habitat because they think it too trendy."

The one thing they do want, and are prepared to pay for, is a shower as well as bath. In Japan, the bath is used for soaking, not washing. They shower first, and then climb into the bath. This has caused Phillips countless problems. "English houses tend not to have showers. But the Japanese must have one, so it means we nearly always have to change the hot water and heating system and alter the bathroom," he says.

Japan Services works closely with another agency, Little Mammy Healthcare. Founded two years ago by a Swiss Cottage resident, Zenzaburo Muraoka, Little Mammy specialises in building and maintenance work for the Japanese. He started the business when customers at his wife's Japanese dress boutique complained that they were always having problems with English plumbers and builders. All Little Mammy's workmen and subcontractors are guaranteed to be as good as those back home, which is sometimes easier said than done.

Says Muraoka: "A Japanese workman is always punctual, his work is of very high quality, and he is taught to think that the customer is always right. It is very difficult to find English ones like that." Muraoka will accompany his workmen to overcome any language difficulties. "Little Mammy is a liaison agency," explains Phillips. "Basically, the average British plumber is nothing more than an incompetent crook, and while *we* accept that, the Japanese are baffled by it. They are not used to being ripped off. Also, while the man can speak English, his wife usually can't."

The salarymen's problems in blending in with their surroundings are nothing compared with those faced by their wives. They fall into two categories. Those who cannot speak English stay at home; those who can, work, but they are the exception. Says Janice Hayashi of the Japanese Information Centre: "Most wives are expected to think, not work. They occupy themselves with tea ceremonies, calligraphy or a musical instrument. If they are highly educated and want to work, it is such a waste of resources."

If they do work, they must not do anything which could be interpreted as offending the corporate ethos or detrimental to Japan. Hayashi has a friend, the wife of a salaryman, who teaches Japanese at an English school. She is shunned by the other wives—not because she is working, but because she is teaching at an English, non-Japanese, school. Says Hayashi: "She is doing something which is different from the other company women, so she is treated differently."

While their husbands work long hours by our standards, they are usually not as long as in Tokyo. And their corporate entertaining is not so frequent or rigorous. "In a way, it is much easier for wives here," says Koko Clarke. "They see more of their husbands, they feel more of a family, and they can take holidays in places like Spain or Greece." *Eikoku News*'s Kay agrees: "Married life here is much better for the women. Prices are lower so, compared to Tokyo, where they will live miles out, they can afford to be nearer their husbands' work. They [the husbands] come home earlier and more often."

The main concern of the salarymen and their wives is education. There are now nine Japanese schools in Britain. Three, at Horsham, Bury St Edmunds and Milton Keynes, take boarders, while the others are day-schools. Despite the pre-



Authentic cuisine suppliers are enjoying a boom in areas like Finchley and Kingston

> "Theirs is a suburban, private world. They dress similarly in beige raincoat, dark suit, light blue drip-dry shirt and black shoes, and live, work, drink and play golf together. Rarely do they mix with their neighbours, and when they do, they often feel shy and awkward"



Salarymen relax with a singalong Japanese-style at a popula



A round of golf at Old Thorns in Hampshire

ponderance of Japanese in London, the capital still has only one school. Needless to say, competition for places is stiff and, since its move to Acton, pupils are bused in from Finchley and Golders Green. It currently has places for 850 children, and will shortly add a further 230. The school's fees are a modest £250 per term. Says its secretary, Mr Shigihara: "We can keep the fees low because our teachers are subsidised by the government and our personal costs are met by businessmen and banks." The salarymen keep a watchful eye over the running of their school: its current director is the general manager of the Tokai Bank in the City, Mr Yamanaka.

The school is run on traditional Japanese lines. Says Shigihara: "Everything is taught in Japanese, except English conversation, which is taught by British nationals." All the school's pupils are expected to proceed to higher education in Japan. However, they may attempt GCSE and A Level English, if they wish.

Not all Japanese send their children to Japanese schools. Some, particularly the non-salarymen, feel that their own system is too tough and strict. They prefer the pressure-free (by their standards), less exam-orientated English system. However, even if they opt for local education (or they cannot get their children into the Japanese School) many will send their children to Acton on Saturday mornings for "Japanese Saturday School". For three hours, at a cost of £52 per term, 1,500 pupils are put through the basics of the Japanese language.

According to Janice Hayashi at the Information Centre, the difficulties occur when the family returns home. What to do with children who have been to foreign schools "is a major issue in Japan," she says. "They are seen as a bad influence because they are different. What the Japanese forget, though, is that children are more adaptable than adults."



Masayuki Shimizu strikes a balance between cultures



London *karaoke* bar after a long day at the office

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COLE



Browsing in Nippon Books in the City

Some salarymen do manage to strike a fine balance between eastern and western cultures. One such is Dentsu advertising agency director, Masayuki Shimizu. Until the Saatchis came along, Dentsu was the world's largest agency. It has been in London since 1973. Shimizu is one of five Japanese in the company's Berkeley Square office. Slim, with round, horn-rimmed glasses, swept-back hair and a sharp, brown suit, he speaks perfect English. His major client is Kao, a pharmaceutical company. Unknown in the West, it is, he says disarmingly, "the Japanese equivalent of Procter & Gamble." Thanks to Shimizu, its products will shortly become more familiar. As for his other clients, he rattles off a list of names that most ad-men can only dream about, including Suntory, Nomura, Yamaichi and Daiwa.

In his mid-30s, and married with a young daughter, Shimizu came to London four years ago. He prefers London to New York ("it's much more peaceful here"), but is still loyal to Tokyo, even though "it is more crowded and more expensive". He lives in Putney, and his daughter goes to a local nursery school, while attending the Japanese School in Acton on Saturday mornings. His wife does not work. "She is enjoying life," he says. They shop locally ("we prefer Waitrose and M&S"), and twice a month they receive a visit from the mobile shop of the Finchley fishmonger, Yoshino Ya.

Shimizu works longer hours, from nine to seven, than he would in Tokyo. "People say that the Japanese businessman works too hard," he says. "But really, they work for a long time but not hard. Senior English people work harder than the Japanese. The difference is your junior class of people, who don't seem to work at all."

Before going home, Shimizu is expected to entertain clients and visitors from Tokyo. It is not something he always enjoys. "After working all day, it can be a strain meeting more Japanese at night," he says. He takes them for a drink in his Mayfair club, Morton's, and then on to an Italian restaurant. If they insist on Japanese, he chooses the £45 a head Suntory in St James's Street. "It is very reasonably priced and as good as anything we have in Tokyo."

When he is not working and entertaining, Shimizu goes to the theatre (the RSC) and cinema. Typically, and contrary to popular belief, he would not be seen dead in a *karaoke* bar, where the Japanese sing along to backing tracks of pop songs (*karaoke* means "missing orchestra"). "*Karaoke* is horrible," he says. "It is not true that we all love it. Only the young and brash sort of people go there."

He prefers to play golf, and is a member of the Roehampton Club. A 23-handicap golfer, he plays, work permitting, during the week. He is not good enough, however, under club rules, to play at weekends, so he uses Roehampton for tennis at weekends, and for £20 plays golf a few miles away at Richmond Golf Club—with locals, when he can. "It is sometimes very expensive and formal, playing with the Japanese," he says. "If I can get along to Roehampton in the week, I try and play with non-Japanese."

Shimizu is acutely aware of the English image of the Japanese. There are aspects of his own culture, particularly the formality, which he does not enjoy. But there are others which he claims we are too quick to ridicule. Take bowing, for instance. "I have a lot of clients and I have to bow a lot," he says, smiling. "And the English think it is funny. But compared to shaking hands, bowing is easy. It does not involve the other person. You do it and it is over. With shaking hands you have to think about it. And the other person may not want to shake your hand, in which case, you feel uncomfortable. Also, bowing is far less sweaty." ■

HORNETT'S STING

How entrepreneur Terry Hornett wrested £3 million from the publishing giant IPC

JEFFREY FERRY

In October, Britain's largest magazine publishers, IPC, abruptly, and some say prematurely, ended one of Britain's most expensive publishing launches. It lost £4.5million on *Riva* after only six, much-ballyhooed issues. The closure exemplified the ruthlessness of today's market in women's magazines, which is under siege from imported titles like *Best, Hello!* and *Marie Claire*. There were public expressions of shock and regret. Less trumpeted was the fact that *Riva*'s demise marked the last chapter of an intriguing tale of rivalry between the publishing giant and a smart young entrepreneur named Terry Hornett, who started as an IPC tea-boy and went on to manage his own magazine empire within the company. After 16 years of grudging co-operation and open jealousy, Hornett has retired £3 million the richer.

At 43, Hornett is slim and extremely fit (he is a squash fanatic), with a soft London accent and a slight stutter, which lends him a certain vulnerability. Until recently he was managing director of Carlton Magazines, whose most successful publication is *Options*; but he personally exhibits little of the success which both gratified and embarrassed IPC. He grew up in Croydon and left school at 15 for the job as tea-boy. Within four years, however, he was made editor of the teenage magazine *Rave*; and at 23 he conceived and launched *19*, a young women's publication of immediate popularity. He proceeded to rescue an ailing IPC publication, *Petticoat*, and by 1972 was in a position to extract an extraordinary deal from IPC, bestowing an editorship as well as financial and editorial independence.

He talked IPC into accepting an arrangement whereby a new company, Carlton Publishing Consultants, set up and owned by Hornett, would provide editorial services to IPC for a new magazine called *Look Now* in return for a fixed fee, plus a cut of the profits. IPC would run the advertising sales and printing. "I enjoyed working for IPC but I realised that wasn't the way to get rich," Hornett explains with a smile. Another factor behind his decision to set up Carlton was a disagreement with IPC over *Club*, a soft-porn men's magazine he devised for IPC, which folded after just 18 issues, partly because IPC disliked the editorial content.

He followed the successful launch of *Look Now* two years later with *OK*, a weekly for teenage girls, and then *Woman's World*, a glossy monthly aimed at an older market. His dedication to his small staff and magazines inspired an untypical camaraderie and enthusiasm. Small incidents best illustrate his style: on the first day of spring, every member of staff found a bouquet of crocuses and daffodils on her desk (there was never more than a handful of men at Carlton); on her birthday, every employee received a red rose; and on each magazine's birthday everyone was given a gift, on one occasion champagne, on another a piece of Waterford crystal. "You felt you were part of a special club—you couldn't believe it could be that much fun and it could be work," recalls Shirley Saphir, art editor of *Look Now* in the early 1980s, and now art director of *Cosmopolitan*. "You felt like it was Carlton versus big business," says Rebecca Bain, *Look Now*'s fashion editor. "You never stopped working for the magazine, day and night."

In its heyday in the 1970s, with a circulation of over 200,000, Carlton's flagship title, *Look Now*, pioneered a style of speaking to young girls on their own terms. "*Look Now* was the first magazine to speak to kids like their friends," says Adele-Marie Cherreson, editor of the magazine from 1983 to 1986. "*Look Now* was the magazine for nice, respectable, middle-class girls, the sort of girls who believed in saying no," says Saphir. "In the 1980s girls started to want to be naughty and stop saying no, and trendier titles like *Just Seventeen* and *Elle* took over."

> "I enjoyed working for IPC, but I realised that wasn't the way to get rich," Hornett explains with a smile

The typical Carlton reader was much like the sort of girl Hornett had known when he was growing up in Croydon. The typical Carlton employee, while inevitably trendier and more upwardly mobile than the readership, was at heart the same sort of down-to-earth, compassionate girl. Hornett made sure he kept the magazine close to its readers by hiring and promoting young people. Cherreson was made editor of *Look Now* at 23, Bain became fashion editor at 19, and soon after recruited a 16-year-old she met in McDonald's as her assistant. A creative publisher's devotion to his product often resembles a love affair, and his caring management style was reciprocated by the corps of young women who worked for him in the rickety warren of offices in Newman Street, Soho.

Rebecca Bain recalls an occasion when Hornett and Roger Pinney (a former IPC art director, who had worked with him on *19*, and joined Carlton as a partner in the mid 1970s) organised a staff outing. They and some two dozen employees took a coach to Hastings, singing and playing games all the way down. On the beach, the women organised a game of rounders while Hornett set about preparing the barbecue. "I remember watching Terry barbecuing, laughing, with tears streaming down his face from the smoke, and thinking that there was our managing director, cooking for us. He was incredible."

Relations with IPC were less light-hearted. Hornett and Pinney repeatedly clashed with IPC, particularly over ideas for new magazines. IPC was unwilling to put up investment money for several Carlton ideas, despite Hornett's track record. Relations were particularly bad with IPC's head of consumer magazines, John Mellon. Some Carlton staff believed that Mellon and Hornett refused to go into the same room. "IPC was jealous of us," says one. "We had launched a series of successful women's titles and during that time IPC hadn't launched a single one." The belief at Carlton was that IPC was resisting Carlton launches because any successful Carlton magazine would steal readers from existing IPC titles.

In 1982 Carlton launched its most successful magazine of all, *Options*, the first of the so-called thinking, working women's magazines (nicknamed "*Over 31*" by rivals). In 1983 relations with IPC reached rock-bottom. IPC refused to co-operate with Hornett's plans to pour money into *Look Now* in order for it to compete with EMAP's new young-women's title, *Just Seventeen*. Hornett approached IPC's managing director Ron Chilton, with a solution: Carlton



Hornett now divides his time between his 20-acre estate in Surrey and his villa in Spain. "But I'm far too young to retire" KEVIN DAVIES

Publishing would sever its links with IPC by turning into Carlton Magazines, a full-service publisher of all the Carlton titles. The investment to set up the advertising, production, and administrative sides of Carlton Magazines would come directly from IPC's parent company, Mayfair-based conglomerate Reed International, which would own 75 per cent of the new company. Carlton Publishing would own the rest, but Reed would have first option to buy Hornett out. All the parties involved endorsed the idea in principle, but in the course of the negotiations, Hornett began to doubt that Reed's promises of autonomy were superior to those of IPC. "It was just an instinctive feeling I got, a general unease that although it looked like you were in control, in the end you might not be," he now explains. To everybody's surprise, he pulled out.



Within four years of starting at IPC as a tea-boy, Hornett had become editor of *Rave*. He steadily assembled a magazine empire, until the disastrous launch of *Riva*

Reed went ahead anyway, setting up Carlton Magazines as a wholly-owned subsidiary. Hornett became managing director of Carlton Magazines, and continued to run the entire Carlton operation, now enlarged with the addition of some of IPC's best staff, like publisher Sue Phipps and her superstar ad sales team at *Options*. His own company, Carlton Publishing, continued to supply all editorial content for the Carlton titles. Many Carlton employees never understood the complex financial arrangements: some thought he had gained total control, others believed Reed had taken over all of Carlton.

Hornett is diplomatic about his financial relationship with Reed. However, the company accounts tell a fascinating tale. Having failed to achieve editorial independence from Reed and IPC, he settled for the next best thing: an arrangement by which Reed paid dearly for his talents. In three years, 1985 to 1987, Reed's company, Carlton Magazines, lost just over £55,000. Carlton Publishing, the company owned 64 per cent by Hornett and 31 per cent by Roger Pinney (Carlton company secretary Martin Matthews held the remainder), made a gross pre-tax profit of £4.32 million. In 1987 the three directors of Carlton Publishing (Hornett, Pinney and Matthews) split a total of £522,000 in salary between them.

In November, 1986, however, Peter Davis took over as chief executive of Reed International. Davis was determined to sort out this bizarre arrangement. "I was a bit of an embarrassment to the Reed board," Hornett admits. He and Pinney made it clear that they had neither the wish nor need to be employed by Reed, but they offered to sell Carlton Publishing at a price to be fixed by an independent auditor of Reed's choosing. Davis chose the auditor, Chris Collett of accountants Arthur Young (coincidentally, the current Lord Mayor of the City of London). But when Collett submitted his report, Davis rejected the value he put on Carlton Publishing. Davis concluded that without its two guiding talents a creative business like Carlton would be worth less than an auditors' calculation suggested. Hornett and Pinney patiently returned to negotiations. In June, 1987, Reed finally bought Carlton Publishing for just over £3 million.

The stage was now set for the *Riva* débâcle. For the first time in its history, Carlton Magazines was a fully integrated, self-sufficient magazine publishing company. But it was a completely different animal from before: now both Hornett and Pinney were non-executive directors, acting as "consultants" to the Carlton management, with no financial interest in Carlton's future. Chief executive of Carlton was Martin Matthews. Reed may have thought he was an adequate substitute for Hornett, but Carlton employees were of a different view. "Matthews is an accountant—he knows nothing about the creative side," comments one.

The confusion at Reed is perhaps best illustrated by a statement on page 11 of Reed's 1988 annual report, which reads: "In June, 1987, the minority interest in Carlton Magazines was bought out." In fact, Carlton Magazines was, from its inception in 1985, wholly owned by Reed. It was the Carlton Publishing Group which was bought out. It is surprising for a company to make a mis-statement in its annual report to shareholders.

In summer 1987, Sally O'Sullivan, then editor of *Options* and on the Carlton board, sold the idea for a glossy, up-market women's weekly to her board members. Davis, also on the board, authorised the investment of up to £5 million in *Riva*—the maximum he could promise without going to Reed for approval. Hornett alone counselled caution. Choosing his words carefully, he says: "I thought *Riva* should have, and could have, succeeded. But I thought it was a high-risk project, and that there were less risky projects around. I told the board that."

Riva hit the streets on September 13, 1988. The magazine's most serious problem was in its lightweight news coverage, which appeared to be cobbled together from the week's newspapers. The use of over-familiar Fleet Street writers like Nigel Dempster and Nina Myskow gave it a tabloid feel, jarring with the glossy, stylish fashion and beauty pages. Some of the staff viewed the news coverage as an insult to the intelligence of the target audience, a problem epitomised by a disastrous promotional campaign featuring posters of a fashion model holding a Margaret Thatcher mask in front of her face.

Those problems were eminently soluble, however, and O'Sullivan and her team immediately set about tackling them. They reckoned without Peter Davis, a man with larger interests than the success of one particular magazine.

On Thursday, September 22, the Carlton board met to discuss *Riva*. Confirmed sales figures for the first issue, and provisional estimates for the second, showed that sales were disappointing, at only 60 per cent of the target figure of 350,000. Three options were discussed: increasing investment, doing nothing further, or folding the magazine. O'Sullivan and others spoke in favour of additional investment. Davis favoured a wait-and-see approach. Nobody spoke in favour of folding. "It's important that we don't panic," Davis cautioned.

At 11.30 the next morning, IPC managing director John Mellon turned up at Matthews's office in Newman Street. Matthews was shocked by Mellon's news: effective immediately, Carlton was to be merged into IPC. In a matter of months, Newman Street would be vacated and Carlton staff moved to IPC's offices at King's Reach Tower on the South Bank. Matthews was being replaced as managing director of Carlton by IPC man Colin Reeves-Smith. Matthews had five hours to clear his desk. While awaiting further instructions, he could stay at home, or have a desk at IPC, if he so wished. Matthews chose to stay at home.

Three and a half weeks later, on October 19, came the next news: *Riva* was to fold, after all.

Davis and Mellon refuse to explain why the reactions were so sudden and drastic. The most likely explanation is that Davis returned to Reed House after the Carlton board meeting on September 22, convinced that *Riva* required further investment. Unwilling to go to the Reed board for approval, Davis decided instead on a Carlton-IPC merger which would make the magazine John Mellon's problem. The sensational speed with which Mellon shut down *Riva* may have come as some surprise. Nevertheless, Davis made a smart corporate move: Reed's "Carlton problem" became more John Mellon's problem, one which he dealt with swiftly by swallowing the company.

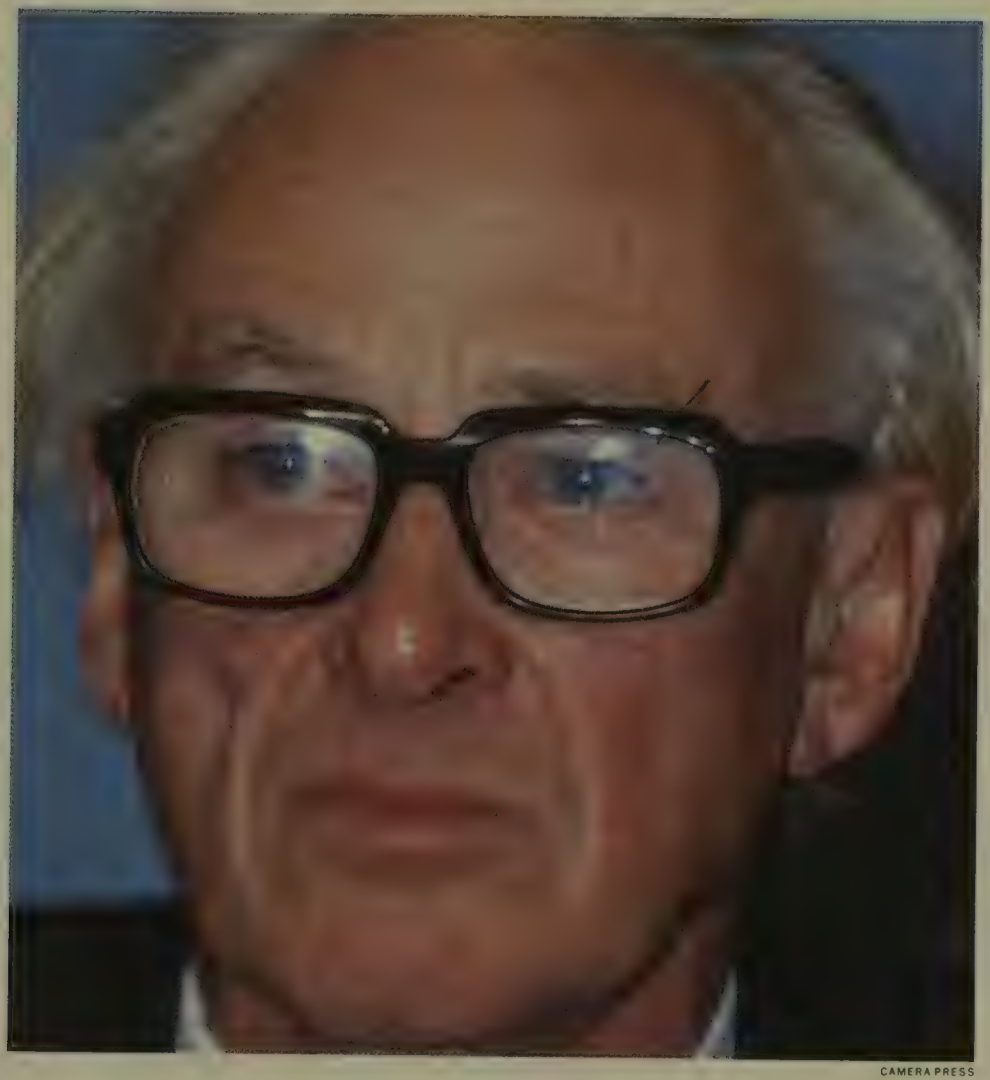
On Wednesday, October 19, *Riva* fashion director Iain R. Webb was on the way to Paris to see the autumn fashion shows. On the aircraft, he and his two assistants decided that while in Paris they would meet daily to discuss, in some detail, the next six months of *Riva*'s fashion coverage. When Webb checked into his Paris hotel room, the telephone was ringing. He picked it up and discovered *Riva* had been closed. "Everybody on that magazine, from the subs, to the art department, to the picture desk, to the fashion department, and the editors, worked so hard to make it work," comments Webb, "and I feel it's a shame that it wasn't given the chance to prove itself."

Rebecca Bain now says she has no further desire to work for any of the large magazine publishing houses, IPC included; "but if Terry Hornett started another company, I'd have to consider that."

Hornett now divides his time between his 20-acre estate in Oxted, Surrey, and his villa in Spain. He keeps in touch with his old colleagues, but is clearly relieved to be free of the incessant trench warfare with IPC. Asked how he feels about the abrupt end of Carlton Magazines, a pained expression comes over his face. "It's as if you've just found out that a girl you're extremely fond of has been raped," he says.

"But I'll be back somewhere," he adds. "I'm far too young to retire." ■

RIDLEY'S ACID REIGN



CAMERA PRESS

Since the Prime Minister's dramatic conversion to preserving the environment, Nicholas Ridley has seemed the wrong man in the right job. The Environment Secretary's disdain for "green" issues is well-known, but is stretching the tolerance of Number 10

ANDREW RAWNSLEY

A familiar landmark, a quite ancient part of our national life, is under threat. Prince Charles might be moved to take an interest. The entire Department of the Environment is already wrestling with its future. Indeed, much of the Conservative party is obsessed with it. But only the Prime Minister can save it. The question-mark is over the early-Victorian, mock-Gothic folly in the centre of Whitehall: the Right Honourable Nicholas Ridley.

Before long, Mrs Thatcher will have to make the final decision whether to pull it down or slap on a preservation order. It will be a difficult personal choice. For years, along with a small number of fellow enthusiasts, she has kept Nicholas Ridley open at public expense. But ever since her own conversion to preserving the environment, her Environment Secretary has begun to look increasingly out of place.

Some of his Cabinet colleagues doubt whether his chain-smoking appearance is quite the right one to launch a thousand initiatives for a cleaner earth; or to convince voters that the Government is serious about cleaning up the filthy beaches, dirty rivers and acid rain, tackling the "greenhouse effect", the hole in the ozone layer, or saving the seal. The *Daily Mail* and Mrs Thatcher's favourite newspaper editor, Sir David English, have been running a series of unrelenting attacks on Nicholas Ridley.

The sub-text of the campaign, and the not-so *sotto voce* whispers of some ministerial colleagues, is that the Environment Secretary is an out-of-date relic that Mrs Thatcher should replace with something easier on the eye and more in keeping with her new Green political landscape. It is all rather unfair. She might have warned him, before her extraordinary conversion, not to call Greens "pseudo-Marxists". She might have hinted, before her four-minute mile down the road to Damascus, that it would be wise not to eye the green belt with the lust of Count Dracula surveying a virgin's neck.

Nicholas Ridley and the environment have never been on easy terms. His smoking probably constitutes an offence against the Clean Air Act. He smokes as he operates politically—aggressively, obsessively, and a little carelessly. In meetings, much of the ash gets flicked on to himself or his neighbours. His shirts are often covered in small patches: the repair jobs on burns. He holds a cigarette in a way that is both dandyish and defiant. "He makes smoking," according to another Tory, "almost a political statement. Each time he lights up, he seems to regard the fag as a torch for his view of liberty and the freedom of the individual. It's his way of saying 'eff-you' to the Edwina Curries and the rest of the nannies of this world."

Ridley, after five years in the Cabinet, is still one of the least understood of Mrs Thatcher's ministers. He appears to be a contradiction. It is this high-born Tory with a landed background who arouses fears that he will tarmac rural southern England. It is this son of the aristocracy who operates with some of the political manners of the Norman Tebbit Charm School. "Ridley is difficult to interpret," concedes Sir Nicholas Henderson, the former diplomat-turned businessman, who negotiated with him as Transport Secretary over the Channel Tunnel. "He has the instincts of an artist, the training of an engineer, and the profession of a politician."

Ridley was born almost 60 years ago at Blagdon Hall in Northumberland. His father was a viscount, the third of an iron, coal and railway barony on the Tees, which virtually owned Blyth. His mother was the daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect-artist.

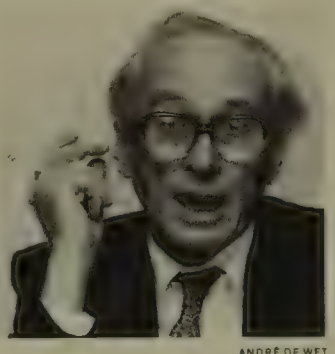
It is the son of the iron and coal master who is usually seen in public. If Ridley were ever to audition for a part as one of those heart-curdling northern businessmen from the silent movies, kicking orphans out into the storm, he would be rejected for over-acting. Invited to a fancy-dress ball, he went to a wardrobe and found an old long coat once worn by an ancestor. It apparently suited him.

"Nick was really born a century or so too late for his own good," says a ministerial colleague, adding, "and maybe ours."

In the House of Commons he is one of the few ministers genuinely hated by the Opposition. They see him as the class enemy made cold flesh. Ridley has a complete disdain for the presentational artifices of politics. He loathed being dragged around behind Mrs Thatcher in St James's Park for her litter stunt. He has not enjoyed being dragged along the road to Damascus much more.

It is rare—even refreshing—to find a minister so impervious to the Saatchification of politics. He has a dry, harsh, smoker's voice, coming from a face which cries out to be ironed. When dealing with political opponents, it is set in a fixed expression, somewhere between disdain and disgust, as though he has just bitten on a clove of garlic. What he says is no more fragrant. It is a face which constantly wonders how the rest of the world can be so utterly stupid.

He cannot resist parodying the Green lobby, even though it now contains its most powerful latest recruit. "It is not necessary to go back to living in caves," he says sardonically, "to hair shirts and peat fires." He has little time for the House of Commons, its debates or its more decorous procedures. Often he can be seen outside the Chamber, taking one of his constant cigarettes, hardly bothering to conceal his irritation and boredom with the proceedings within. He once wrote to Margaret Hodge, the leader of Islington Council, rejecting a request for a meeting in these terms: "I and my ministers are too busy trying to solve problems to have time to spare for arid political debate—except, of course, in the House of Commons."



ANDRÉ DE WET

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He has inherited his family's arrogance. There have been 10 Ridley MPs. An uncle was transport minister; a more distant ancestor a Home Secretary. Nicholas Ridley went to Eton—probably the most arrogant school in England; followed by Balliol—probably the most arrogant college in Oxford. He studied engineering and mathematics, and went on, reluctantly, to become a civil engineer—a compromise between his own wish to pursue architecture and his father's for engineering. He does not suffer fools at all, never mind gladly. "Nobody would mind that too much," says one Tory back-bencher, "if Nicholas did not give the impression that his definition of fools was not just the Opposition, the public, and most of the Cabinet, but most of us as well."

This is the Ridley who walks out in petulance from television interviews, who gets called an "old-Etonian twerp", who cracks jokes about open bow-doors at a press conference after the Zeebrugge ferry disaster, and gets accused by Labour MPs of making V-signs during a Commons debate. The side not so often seen, except by neighbours in his Cirencester & Tewkesbury constituency, and his few friends at Westminster, is the grandson of Lutyens. The enemy of the green belt—who, in most Tory back-bencher's worst nightmares, is going to put a multi-storey car-park on their front lawns—was for a long time a member of the executive of the National Trust. He knows his butterflies and birds.

He is a highly accomplished water-colourist, and can command good audiences and prices for his elegant landscapes. He is a gifted gardener, who has diverted the Windrush river to create a luxuriant water garden in the back of the Queen Anne rectory near Stow-on-the-Wold which he shares with his second wife, Judy, a former social secretary at the Belgian embassy. In the background, he has built an Arabian-style temple out of Cotswold stone, which he dressed himself with hammer and chisel. He designs and makes his own furniture and is rather good at embroidery. In private conversation, some find him a charmer. Contrary to popular suspicion, he has a heart, if not an obviously warm one. Critics of his paintings admire the technique, but say they are aesthetically soulless: they hardly ever contain people. His political views make the same omission.

Ridley is a 19th-century rationalist, with a zeal for the free market and an antipathy for the state which would make Adam Smith blush. Except when his own back garden is threatened, he finds it difficult to comprehend the passions aroused by environmental issues. It is, perhaps, the mathematician in him. "I sometimes suspect," says one Tory back-bencher, "that, if he thought the figures added up, he would concrete over all of the Home Counties."

The House of Commons gets sardonic Dr Jekyll; Mrs Thatcher is always treated to charming Mr Hyde. The Ridley technique at wooing his mistress relies less on the Parkinson-Baker school of flirtatious sycophancy than on a slightly-dated courtliness. Mrs Thatcher has always had a soft spot for aristos, and an ever softer one for an aristo who, unlike a Carrington or a Whitelaw, is not over-burdened by any sense of *noblesse oblige*. It is his older brother, Matthew, the fourth viscount, who has the family's Tory paternalism, along with the title, the family seat, and 10,000 acres of the nicest bits of Northumberland.

Matthew, according to friends, is considerably wetter than Nicholas. The fourth viscount is said to be sceptical about the poll tax, and did not join the other stately bones of England who



ARTLOOK

If we want to arrest the greenhouse effect we must concentrate on a massive increase in nuclear generating capacity," Nicholas Ridley told viewers of BBC's *On The Record*, at the end of 1987. More stations, like that at Sellafield, left, would be needed throughout the country. Environmentalists were quick to point out that nuclear power is an expensive electricity source and such a move would reduce global warming by only 11 per cent while increasing the risks of other kinds of disaster



MATTHEW EVANS



DAILY MAIL



SPECTRUM

Having championed rural developments like this one in Criccieth, Wales, left, it was discovered that Nicholas Ridley wanted the view from his own Gloucestershire window to remain unblemished. Geoffrey Hanks, the owner of a meadow, above, which backs on to the Ridleys' vicarage home (right of church) has three times been refused planning permission for that land. Ridley's back garden, far left, contains this water garden, an example of his own handiwork

turned out for his brother to push it through the House of Lords.

The amateur psychologists at Westminster, presented with one of its most fascinating inmates, see in Ridley's world-class belligerence the classic symptoms of the resentful second son. Mrs Thatcher sees something more straightforward—the most devoted, and trusted, apostle of her revolution. He was One of Us even before her.

While Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph were still serving in Ted Heath's Cabinet, Ridley quit a junior job in the Department of Trade and Industry over the Heath government's economic policies. His London flat was the meeting-place for small groups of dissident Tories, including Cecil Parkinson. In 1978 he wrote the Ridley Report, a blueprint for the emasculation of the trades unions, the formation of large mobile squads of police to break up flying pickets, and the selling-off of nationalised industries including gas, electricity, water, steel and British Rail. The report was leaked and widely ridiculed, the *Daily Mail* calling it a plan drawn up by "dotty colonels".

However dotty, 10 years later it has all either happened or is about to. Little wonder that people get worried about Nicholas Ridley's plans for the south-east. What he dreams today can become tomorrow's nightmare. In Government he has deregulated the buses, throttled Labour local government, introduced the poll tax, prepared water for privatisation and, in the form of the Channel Tunnel, is building Mrs Thatcher a monument which may even outlast her tenure in Downing Street.

Until now the prophet has been honoured in Number 10, even though the preacher has found the practice often very accident-prone. She brought him into her Government in 1979 as a junior Foreign Office minister. His attempt to sell a leaseback deal with Argentina for the Falkland Islands, the last peaceful solution before the war, was a total disaster. Returning to the Commons, straight off the Hercules from the South Atlantic, he received a brutal mauling from both sides of the House.

He went to the Treasury as Financial Secretary. Since 1983 he has been in Marsham Street: at Transport, and then the Environment. The job he covets above all, the one he regards as the acme of his political career and thinks is his due, is that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His friends have been pressing his claims to Number 11 to her friends, and running down those of his main rival, Cecil Parkinson.

Some of her advisers would relish it; much of her party would fear it. For those with eyes to see, there has been some entertaining sparring between Ridley and Parkinson. Only days after Ridley suggested a more ambitious programme for building nuclear power stations, Parkinson—ever so courteously—rubbished the idea.

Nicholas Ridley must hope that the *Daily Mail* is as wrong about his future now as it was 10 years ago. But the Chancellorship is probably Parkinson's in the next Cabinet reshuffle. It is after all, Parkinson, who is Mrs Thatcher's favourite son. Second sons, in political families as well as noble ones, do not get the inheritance they desire ■

DEARLY DEPARTED

GRAHAM VICKERS

Scan the obituary pages of the national newspapers and there, improbably enough, you will find evidence of a vigorous new growth industry. The memorial service, which was once the posthumous privilege of the distinguished few, is now gaining wider currency.

For increasing numbers of people the memorial service has become an essential part of the socially acceptable Departure. *De rigueur mortis*, one might almost say. Like all fledgling disciplines, the new democratic memorial service is still in the developing stages and there may be some way to go before we arrive at a definitive format to reflect burgeoning proletarian demand. This never used to be a problem.

In the days when people qualified for a memorial service only if they had enjoyed a long and distinguished career in politics, the church or the military, the appropriate manners for the occasion were clearly prescribed. A solid mix of *gravitas*, religiosity and pomp would do, leavened, perhaps, with a single waggish anecdote dredged from the safely remote past by some contemporary who is still capable of articulate speech.

However, protocol becomes a little more open-ended when the event is a thanksgiving for the life of someone whose professional achievement may have been in areas altogether more informal. Writing a newspaper column, for example, appearing in *Carry On* films, or hosting a chat show.

And things become even more uncertain when the deceased was celebrated for being anti-Establishment or something other than devout. Kenneth Tynan's memorial service was famously rescued from moral ambiguity by Tom Stoppard's dazzling address which, had it only been delivered by an actor and on other premises, would no doubt have enjoyed great critical acclaim followed by a highly successful West End run and even export to Broadway. In this fashion the trappings of showbusiness—celebrity guests, a star turn, secular songs and comic monologues—are now rather tentatively helping to reshape a ceremony rooted in more sombre traditional values.

A recent landmark in the popular rise of the memorial service was the well-publicised ceremony held for Russell Harty last October. There, in St James's Piccadilly, Lord Snowdon, Sue Lawley, Melvyn Bragg and David Frost were among the guests, Diane Langton sang "Broadway Baby" and Alan Bennett took the opportunity to make an attack on those sections of the Press which had hounded Harty for his homosexuality and—Bennett implied—so contributed to his debilitation and eventual death. "Some of you," he allowed, "may think these kinds of recriminations are out of place at a memorial service." Judging by the applause, hardly anybody did, but, rather surprisingly, it had been Bennett, a man who seems to be held in permanent thrall by the nuances of propriety, who had raised a socially challenging issue.

REX FEATURES



Danny La Rue at Eamonn Andrews's service

What *is* out of place at a memorial service? Using the opportunity to finger the chief suspects? Singing Stephen Sondheim show tunes? Ned Sherrin referring to his own introductory eulogy for Harty as "the warm-up"? Or—at the same church, a couple of weeks later—William Packer spiking his requiem for distinguished Bradford painter Norman Stevens with an expression of regret that "less talented contemporaries" had sometimes achieved greater recognition ... as David Hockney sat conspicuously in the congregation?

But perhaps it is not really a question of taste at all. Remember, it was Peter Sellers who specified that the music to be played at his own funeral should be "In the Mood", a Glenn Miller hit which his friends knew he loathed and which had the distinct advantage of ruining any pretensions towards solemnity. When the guest of honour cannot take things seriously, why should anyone else? No, the fundamental difficulty lies not in specific gestures of inappropriateness but in arriving at a satisfactory contemporary form for the memorial service—something flexible enough to suit all walks of life, and yet something formal enough to confer weight. There is perhaps a way to speed up this process.

If we accept that the memorial service's strongest cultural influence at present appears to be that of the theatre or cabaret, then it is fascinating to speculate how the presence of critics at all the major services might expedite the process of defining and refining the ceremony. After all, the current practice of putting a scant five-line résumé in *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Times* or *The Independent* is hardly likely to clarify or improve memorial service standards. And as long as it is clearly understood that it must be the quality of the event (*not* the character of the person being remembered) that is under review, then perhaps the introduction of critical apparatus would be an entirely beneficial thing.

It was in this spirit that I attended A Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Sam White, OBE, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur and renowned columnist of the London *Evening Standard*. I had never met White, and all I knew about him was that he was a terrific journalist who managed to live and work at his apartment in Rue du Bac in Paris for over 20 years without ever feeling the need to master the French language. There is a sort of heroism inherent in that stance, and it was up to the service at St Bride's to reflect this and other qualities by whatever means seemed appropriate.

St Bride's plays frequent host to memorial services, despite its dismal acoustics and a reputation for architectural merit which must puzzle anyone who has ever visited it. Still, located opposite the *Express* building in Fleet Street, it was a natural choice in the circumstances.

The turn-out was a heavyweight one: Lord Beaverbrook; Andrew Knight, managing director of the *Telegraph* group; Peter Jenkins, the *Independent* columnist; Sir Edward Pickering, a Murdoch executive; Louis Kirby, former editor of the *Standard* and journalists including John

Leese, Charles Moore, Sir John Junor and Simon Jenkins were among an impressively strong contingent from Fleet Street. Milton Shulman, Emma Soames, Jak, Anthony Blond, Angus McGill and the Countess of Buckingham also helped to swell the 200-strong congregation, and so the first hurdle was cleared effortlessly: a first-rate crowd and plenty of them.

A performance of something called *Russian Contakion* got things off to a good start, showing that when on familiar ground the choir was feeling strong and confident; sadly it was to fare less well later on. The Rector, Canon John Oates, suggested that we give thanks for some of Sam White's qualities, one of which—significantly—he identified as a sense of the ridiculous.

This led us straight into what seems to me to be one of the major defects of all church services: the standard of organ playing. Is there a central music school devoted exclusively to the training of church organists? "The Ecclesiastical College of the Tin Ear," perhaps? If not, how is that ubiquitous skill learned whereby an introductory chord is unpredictably timed and variably sustained at the start of each verse of the hymn? This has the effect of causing the congregation to start singing at least twice and usually three times before some ragged consensus is arrived at.

Our organist at St Bride's had perfected this technique, even embellishing it with an extra trick of his own: by unexpectedly running the second and third lines of *Crimond* together, he was able to bring about a kind of choral pile-up in the middle of each verse which was barely sorted out before we once again found ourselves lurching towards the uncertainty of the next one. When all this was over, John Leese read from Ecclesiastes 3, 1-14, the part which suggests that there is a time for everything but which offers no real clues as to how you might identify which is which, and so avoid reaping when you should be sowing, laughing when you should be crying, living when you should be . . . well, you know. The choir despatched the Sanctus from Fauré's Requiem crisply enough. Jeremy Deedes read Lord Tennyson's *Ulysses*. And once again we were invited to join battle with the organist.

By now spirits were low. Gavin Young gave an address which got a few laughs from those within earshot. Unfortunately for many of us, the acoustics had by now gone completely out of whack, and it took some time to grasp that when Gavin Young sounded as if he was choking, he was really doing an impression of Sam White. By and large, this went down well. But now we were on the brink of something really special.

The presence of a gleaming grand piano had alerted us to the possibility that an informal item was on the agenda, but quite how informal we could never have guessed. After a very long pause, a man approached the piano and eventually started playing an elaborate cocktail-lounge introduction, in which he was abruptly joined by a trombonist of uncertain skill. Initial reactions ranged from distress (from those who could not see what was happening), through arch smiles (from those who had already recognised the tune), to bafflement (from those who had not).

"What is out of place at a memorial service? Singing Stephen Sondheim show tunes? Ned Sherrin referring to his eulogy as the warm-up?"

Then, some distance away from her accompanists, Ilona Lazar began to sing the lyrics of "I Love Paris". She sang them with a profound sense of tragedy that Cole Porter surely never intended. Even the melodic change from minor to major—normally a cheerful transition—seemed charged with despair: what must have looked like a good idea on paper was coming out very wrong. But when, in the middle, the trombonist took over for a kamikaze solo, one immediately longed to hear Ilona Lazar again—or, indeed, anyone who wasn't the trombonist. Of the many hundreds of thousands of performances of "I Love Paris" that must have taken place over the years, this had to be among the all-time worst; if Sam White was watching, one hoped he still had his sense of the ridiculous with him.

Lady Soames gamely attempted to get things back on conventional course with a nostalgic address about the society balls she used to give in Paris, quoting a gruff piece from Sam's *Evening Standard* column in which he complained about not having been invited to one of them (a curious anecdote to cite, if you think about it). But we had been unnerved by that show-stopping musical interlude. Would there be more? "C'est si bon", perhaps? "Je t'aime moi non plus"? To make matters worse, the acoustics were playing up again, and had I not been sitting behind someone who had providently brought along transcripts of all the speeches, I would have been lost.

But we were on the home run. Two more hymns, the prayers and the blessing, and that was pretty well it; except that, in what I hesitate to call the dying moments, the choir decided to tackle "Waltzing Matilda". Even if there had not been internal wrangling over the lyrics (resulting in an unsatisfactory hybrid line about waiting for a billabong to boil), this would probably have been a mistake—there had been too many stylistic changes of gear already and there was no room for more. The running order needed changing. The musicians needed firing. The show needed a lot of work.

And yet, as I left St Bride's and walked towards Blackfriars, I caught myself echoing a mournful glissando from "I Love Paris". Yes, confounded by my own logic, I was coming away whistling the hit tune. And that, as they say in the business, is always the true test ■



REX FEATURES

Playwright Alan Bennett on Russell Harty; "The gutter press had finished him"

ALAN DAVIDSON



Columnist Christopher Wilson. *In memoriam* Sam White

BILLION DOLLAR BABY

FRANK KUZNIK

Patricia Kluge, the wife of 74-year-old billionaire John Kluge, is a grande dame of American high society. But headlines trail her. Among them is the revelation that she was once a London belly dancer and strip-tease artist.

When social historians of the next century get around to chronicling the social-climbing of our generation, surely the name of Patricia Kluge will merit special attention. A one-time belly dancer and strip-tease artist, best known in England as the wife of porn publisher Russell Gay, Mrs Kluge is a self-made woman of 40 who saved her most nimble performance for the snakes and ladders of society. She caught the eye of 74-year-old John Kluge, by unofficial estimates the second-richest man in the United States, and—since a splendiferous ceremony held in St Patrick's Cathedral in New York in 1981—her official second husband.

Mrs Kluge (pronounced clue-gee, with a hard "g") may not be to the manor born, but certainly no one can accuse her of lacking high-falutin ambitions. She has used her husband's money to carve a massive English-style estate out of the Virginia countryside that *Town & Country*, the obsequious journal of America's wealthy élite, has proclaimed "the grandest estate to have been built in America since the 20s". Albermarle House, located a few miles south of Charlottesville and named for the surrounding county, is regularly host to a dazzling array of nobility and glitterati, ranging from King Juan Carlos of Spain to Frank and Barbara Sinatra. When Mrs Kluge is not overseeing the estate and her burgeoning carriage collection, she is likely to be in the couple's stunningly luxurious pied-a-terre in New York, or on board their 125-foot yacht, *The Virginian*, plying foreign waters.

Or back in Britain. While a soft-porn star could never be a lasting intimate of the royal family, an American billionaire's wife has social leverage. No doubt Mr and Mrs Kluge's $300,000 sponsorship gift to the Royal Windsor Horse Show favourably impressed the royals—not to mention Mrs Kluge hiring Prince Philip's long-time coachman, David Sanders, and paying the Sandringham Driving Centre $50,000 a year to have him train and drive her team of carriage-racing bays. Then there is the budding friendship with Prince Charles, which ironically might never have flowered had it not been for one of those scandals that trail Mrs Kluge like so many footmen.

The occasion for this one was Charles and Diana's 1985 tour of America, which included an appearance at a high-society charity ball in Palm Beach, Florida. Mrs Kluge was chairwoman for the event, and would have been seated next to the Prince and Princess of Wales had not the London tabloids chosen that moment to unveil, as it were, her chequered past. "Di's porn queen hostess," the *Star* screamed, touching off shock waves that reverberated all the way to Albermarle House, where the Kluges were entertaining some 300 noblemen, luminaries, and friends with an unveiling of another sort—the formal opening of their estate. Shortly afterwards, Mrs Kluge quietly resigned from her position with the ball, whose organisers issued a terse statement noting only that "the Kluges will not be attending the Palm Beach events as they will be travelling abroad."

Mrs Kluge's social standing in Palm Beach was history, as they say on this side of the Atlantic, particularly after one of the town's leading doyennes fumed; "I don't know why they would choose her. She was a great embarrassment to the royal throne." Charles didn't think so, however, and later wrote to Mrs Kluge to tell her that he didn't see what the fuss was all about, and was disappointed not to have met her. She gave him the opportunity 18 months later when the Kluges' yacht happened to be anchored off the coast of Spain while Charles and Diana were paying a royal visit to King Juan Carlos. Presumably the two hit it off, since Charles visited *The Virginian* again last summer while in Spain.

By then Mrs Kluge was awash in another scandal, one that she could not avoid, since it had taken place literally in her backyard. In March, a small army of federal and state game wardens had raided the Kluge estate and dug up two pits containing the decaying carcasses of hundreds of migratory birds. The pits were on an 800-acre preserve stocked with thousands of game birds, and run by three British gamekeepers in the manner of a European "shoot" for the private, sporting pleasure of the Kluges and their guests. In their zeal to protect the game birds, they slaughtered anything remotely resembling a predator that wandered on to the shoot—hawks, owls, foxes, deer and even neighbours' dogs. There are strict laws about that sort of thing in America, and the raid resulted in a headline-making trial in June which ended with the keepers being fined and deported.

REX FEATURES



At 19, Patricia Kluge appeared in soft porn magazines.



At 40, Patricia Kluge is married to America's second-richest man, a billionaire with a Virginia mansion that has played host to royalty and entertainers like Frank Sinatra.

To her credit, Mrs Kluge went on the offensive instead of ducking this scandal, hiring a public relations firm and conducting interviews at the estate. "We are shocked and horrified," she told the local newspaper, the *Charlottesville Daily Progress*. "You just throw your hands up in the air and just say, 'Where were we not looking? Why weren't we paying attention? How could this possibly be?' It just goes to show what can happen." Statements like that struck some Albermarle County locals as a bit hard to swallow, for reasons we will come to later. What many more pointed to, with knowing smiles, was an interview that ran in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, which began with a reporter saying, "The reason I came here was to ask you—." Before he could finish the sentence, Mrs Kluge interrupted him to say, "No. I summoned *you* here."

Aristocratic instincts, indeed! If there is any place in America where the notion of *noblesse oblige* still carries weight, it is in Albermarle County, Virginia, home to wealthy gentlemen farmers since Thomas Jefferson settled there in 1770. Even in that setting, the Kluges cut a dash, for reasons that have more to do with comportment than cash. "This county is a big old money area, and it's sort of taken for granted that once you're up beyond $25 or $50 million, there isn't much you can't do," confides one local burgher, "so it comes back to how you treat people. From what I've seen of Mrs Kluge, I'd say there's a little bit of an attitude. It's very typical of people who are not accustomed to having money."

There it is, the unspoken and unforgivable sin: acting *nouveau riche*. It is an ironic, and perhaps inevitable, criticism, given Mrs Kluge's preoccupation with recreating an 18th-century English estate in 20th-century America, ostensibly because of the tradition and civility it embodies. However, the "hawk trial", as it came to be known, portrayed the Kluges as intruding on local manners and customs. Moreover, it sharpened a perception of Mrs Kluge best summed up by a Charlottesville newspaper editor who says of her, "This is a woman who seems fiercely driven to overcome her past."

The Kluges rarely respond to requests for interviews, but Mrs Kluge has discussed her past on other occasions. She was born Patricia Rose in Iraq, the daughter of a British businessman and a Scottish-Iraqi mother, and educated in a French convent and American schools. She has described her life in Baghdad as some sort of Shangri-La, an "ideal world of uniforms and garden parties, and balls and men who looked so gorgeous".

Her family was uprooted by a revolution that swept away most of their land and property. They moved to England and, after her parents divorced, Mrs Kluge lived with her mother and brother in "very difficult" circumstances: "We were living in a tiny London flat, as opposed to a grand house with gardens and staff." A brief enrolment in secretarial school convinced her that she had no place in the workaday world. "I walked into that class and I saw pale, sallow faces, and I thought to myself, 'I am not like them, nor will I ever be like them'. So I walked out of that class and never walked back again."



The Kluges' celebrity status has spread to Britain—they were recently featured in *Hello* magazine.

Mrs Kluge was 19 years old and working as a belly-dancer in London's Labyrinth Club when wealthy skin-magazine publisher Russell Gay walked in one night and, she recalls, "absolutely swept me off my feet". Not long after, he swept her into the Hampstead registry office to marry her, and over the next few years turned her into a soft-porn star with prominent photo spreads and a byline over a personal advice column in his magazine *Knave*. George Harrison Marks, a photographer and erotic film producer, told the British press in 1985 that Mrs Kluge "was the forerunner of them all. The raunchier her full-frontal pictures the better . . . She was very, very sensual and always wore extremely revealing clothes. When the see-through era was in, she would walk into restaurants almost naked."

It is easy to see how men ranging from porn publishers to billionaires would fall for Mrs Kluge, a statuesque beauty who at five feet 10 inches stands a full five inches taller than her current husband. She is a charming, intelligent woman, fluent in three languages, who has a British accent and a taste for Scaasi gowns. A Catholic, she is said to be a devoted wife.

Mrs Kluge told the *Los Angeles Times* that after she and Gay split up she met John Kluge at a New York dinner party and "was absolutely enthralled by his mind". Subsequently, Kluge's second marriage ended in divorce and Patricia



John Kluge sold his TV stations to Murdoch for $2b.

moved to the United States to live with him in New York. By then he had given up on marriage. "I thought it was an institution for the other fellah," he told the *LA Times*.

But his wife is nothing if not a persuasive lady: "I wanted a family. I wanted to be a wife and I wanted to be able to say he's my husband. I was after him every day." Eventually, Kluge

agreed not just to a third marriage, but to convert to Catholicism as well—an urge he apparently did not feel when he married his first wife, Theodora, who was also Catholic. The new Mrs Kluge got her family as well, in the form of an adopted son secured through the New York Catholic Diocese.

John Kluge was a rich man at the time of his third marriage, though not nearly the billionaire that he is today (*Forbes* magazine recently estimated his net worth at $3.2 billion). What catapulted him into financial superstardom was the sale of seven television stations in 1985 to Rupert Murdoch for an astounding $2 billion-plus. The stations were part of Metromedia, a medium-sized business conglomerate which Kluge had assembled over the previous 30 years with an eye, he always told friends, to creating a fourth television network in the United States. Murdoch had the same idea, but more money than time. So he made Kluge an offer that no capitalist in his right mind could refuse—even by the inflated standards of American financial markets in the 80s. Kluge remains an active player in big business circles, though subsequent sales of his radio stations (for $285 million) and a cellular phone business (for $1.2 billion) guarantee him a comfortable retirement should he ever choose to stop working.

Not long after they were married, the Kluges began amassing their Virginia estate, an amalgam of nearly 40 different pieces of property totalling roughly 7,500 acres. Mrs Kluge told *Town & Country* that she found the site where the main house now sits late in 1981, and was thrilled. "The lay of the land reminded me of England... The idea behind Albermarle House was to establish a family seat in the English tradition." Her husband never mentioned any such aspirations before marrying her—but then, Kluge appears to be an unpretentious and generous man.

"John's always basically been the same," insists William Fugazy, a long-time friend and business associate. "Lately, he's done a lot more things on a big scale, like buying a big boat, having his own jet, and building the farm in Virginia. But to me, there is nothing pretentious or showboaty about him. He's a very simple person. He eats simple, he's not a heavy drinker, he likes to play cards. All these lavish parties—I think he takes them, but I don't think they're his idea, really. Pat likes that, and I think he goes along with it. I mean, I'm sure everything he's doing, he's doing of his own volition. But I think he probably does it more for her."

Certainly the estate is Mrs Kluge's creation. Its centrepiece is a 45-room Georgian mansion located literally down the road from Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, which has just 32 rooms. The Kluge house is filled with far more English antiques, silk curtains, marble and Portuguese rugs than there is room to describe here. Its grandeur is overwhelming, and in describing the pristine quality of the furnishings *Town & Country* marvelled, "Unlike many of the famous English country seats, there is no hint of shabbiness."

The mansion is only the first of many wonders on the Kluge estate. There is a Gothic-style chapel, with crypts underneath, that serves as the family burial plot; a short drive away, guests can play on a nine-hole golf-course designed by Arnold Palmer; and in between there are greenhouses and a conservatory, stables, staff cottages, two ponds, a tennis-court, a swimming-pool, a helicopter landing pad... the list goes on and on. The estate sits in the eastern foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, amid countryside so beautiful it might have served as the model for Maxfield Parrish's enchanted landscapes.

The shoot is located nearly 10 miles from the mansion. The roar of eight shotguns blasting away for six hours at a time regularly drives nearby residents from their homes. It is open from October to February and, by all accounts, ranks high among Mrs Kluge's interests and priorities. It is commonly referred to as "her toy" by everyone from fellow-shooters to former employees, one of whom remembers seeing her there frequently. "Unless she was off on a trip, she'd be out there, riding horses or in one of her carriages, almost every day," he says.

Neighbours of the Kluges knew something was amiss on the shoot long before autumn 1987, when dozens of hawks' feet and carcasses were discovered strung together and dumped on a nearby roadside. They had been losing dogs—at first mysteriously, then clearly because the Kluges' gamekeepers were shooting them. Sir Richard Musgrave, the 66-year-old Irish baronet who was in charge of the shoot, confessed as much to the owner of a Dobermann that managed to hobble home with its neck still in a trap and a bullet-hole between its eyes. Other neighbours simply never saw their dogs again. Finally, the discovery of strings of bullet-riddled birds triggered an investigation that led to the raid.

In England she lived with her mother and brother in "very difficult" circumstances. "We were living in a tiny London flat, as opposed to a grand house with gardens and staff."

Some 40 wildlife agents descended on the shoot one morning, arrested Sir Richard and two of his British assistants (a third had already left the country), and set to work with two front-end loaders uncovering a small mountain of grisly evidence. The bodies of more than 300 birds, at least six dogs and a variety of other animals were uncovered, many hidden under stumps and rocks or in hollow trees. After searching just 20 per cent of the shoot—and stopping work on the second pit because the carcasses were too decomposed to salvage—the agents decided they had enough bodies to make a case. In all likelihood, that was only a fraction of what remained from the animal massacre.

A former employee on the shoot says, "I think the real number on the dogs was more like 60—they shot a whole lot of dogs that were never found. They even shot their own dogs when they didn't like what they were doing. "I think they just liked to kill things. I saw them put live bullfrogs in a microwave and watch them blow up. Two of them had a rat tethered to a piece of wire and set it on fire. I saw all that."

The jury saw a lot less at the trial, but convicted Sir Richard and his assistants anyway. Conspicuous by her absence during the proceedings was the châtelaine of Albermarle House but not because of any lapse by government investigators. "I was unable to find any evidence that the powers that be knew [the slaughter] was occurring—and, believe me, I made an effort to find it," says one.

Unfairly or not, the prevailing opinion in Charlottesville seems to blame the Kluges. There are few subjects that strike as deep a chord in rural America as hunting, and Mrs Kluge's insistence after the raid that she wanted a British shoot "because it has a lot of traditions of preservation, order, responsibility and all the right criteria that a responsible hunter would follow" had a hollow ring for locals who see nothing sporting about killing hundreds of game birds flushed from the bushes by beaters.

Mrs Kluge was also quite adamant about Sir Richard being a "preservationist" and a "highly reputable gentleman". As it turned out, prior to working for the Kluges, Sir Richard had been running a shoot in Texas where a similar slaughter of predators reportedly took place. (That shoot was shut down by its owner before a formal investigation could be completed.)

None of this seems to have had a lasting effect on Mrs Kluge's reputation. In the summer of 1986, she was selected to represent Virginia at special swearing-in ceremonies commemorating the centenary of the Statue of Liberty. Almost certainly Mrs Kluge could have chosen to become an American citizen earlier and with less fanfare. But, according to an Immigration and Naturalization Service official, she expressed particular interest in being selected for the Statue of Liberty gala. "She wanted it so bad," he told *The Washington Post*. And in May last year, less than two months after the raid on her estate, Mrs Kluge was in England to receive a conservation award. Prince Philip presented her with a six-inch silver partridge in recognition of a $25,000 donation she and her husband made to the American chapter of the Game Conservancy. She will also get her British-style shoot. The couple have recently bought a large sporting estate at Moy in the Scottish Highlands, just 30 miles from Balmoral.

How many awards and ceremonies does it take to erase the past completely? Even the Kluges' licence to operate their shoot in the States was renewed recently—over the objections of the Albermarle County Commonwealth's Attorney, who was rebuffed by the State Department of Game and Inland Fisheries. It said, "The law doesn't say anything about past performance".

History may prove to have a longer memory ■

MAIL ORDER MURDER

The body of Helen Hodgson, a young woman from south-east London, was dumped in the Thames in return for £200 worth of mail-order Christmas presents. A feature of her brutal slaying was an attempt to suffocate her with super-glue. The trial of her murderers disclosed a chain of events which began when she agreed to be a surrogate mother

MATTHEW FAY



On the River Thames near Woolwich lies Albion Wharf, a square acre of bleak wasteland that awaits development. For years the land has been used as an unoffical dump, although part of it serves as a trailer yard. It was here, in the early evening darkness one year ago, on November 16, that three people arrived in a yellow Morris Marina. They had been let in by the night-watchman after sounding their horn. He knew them all, but had not been expecting them. He may have hoped that they had come to dump some rubbish but he also feared, for reasons that will become obvious, that they carried a more sinister load. His suspicions were justified.

Nobody knows exactly what passed between these four, but it is clear that the visitors told him that they had a body in the car and they expected him to bury it on the wasteland. He told them that the ground was too hard, knowing that the whole of Albion Wharf had a concrete base. Moreover, his boss was due back any minute.

He took one of the visitors, the only woman, to his site office and left her to watch television. By the time he returned the others had turned the car around, removed a body wrapped in a pink blanket, and were dragging it by the arms towards the river wall. As the night-watchman, Les Ashton, later told police, "The feeling I had was as if I was not really there. It was as if I was looking down from some type of cloud." He recalled that he saw the two men stop when they reached the wall, where one took the body in a fireman's lift and, supported by his partner, climbed up the metal ladder. When he reached the top he heaved the body over the wall. The body struck a ledge and then landed face-down on the foreshore of the Thames.

They made their way across the yard without speaking to each other, collected their companion from the office, and separated with a "see you later". The events that led to this amateurish, almost casual disposal of a corpse tell a tale of almost incomprehensible ineptitude and reveal a callousness which dumbfounded even the police officers who investigated the murder. Two hours after this episode at Albion Wharf, the night staff at Woolwich police station received a telephone call from one Ian Carpenter, a 48-year-old local man who had lived in Charlton for most of his life. Carpenter reported that his 21-year-old girlfriend and mother of two, Helen Hodgson, had disappeared from the home that they shared in Charlton Lane. What gave the police cause for concern was Carpenter's obvious distress. His girlfriend had left her one-year-old baby naked and alone in the house without any explanation, written or otherwise, and there was a bloodstain on the floor of the sitting-room. Carpenter also told them that a kitchen knife was missing.

At roughly the same time, Carpenter's neighbours, the Dillnuts, who were aware that Helen had gone missing, telephoned the police station to say that they had seen three people leaving the Carpenters' house carrying what looked like a roll of carpet. They had recognised two of them as 24-year-old Andrew Watkinson and 20-year-old Cherie McGovern, a local couple. The police, fearing that Helen was in serious trouble, visited the couple's council home in nearby Valley Grove and arrested them in connection with Helen's disappearance.

The police officers working in this area of London are used to dealing with people without expectations, people who are barely literate; in and out of unskilled work, with petty criminal records for such crimes as handling stolen goods or joy-riding. The men often engage in small-time car dealing and spend a lot of time fiddling with their "motors" in the street. The women bear children at a very young age, and bring them up with much help from parents and older friends who have grown into motherhood. They are often unused to responsibility, unable to determine the course of their lives.

What the police discovered that morning was much more involved than the run-of-the-mill casework in Charlton. For a start, Carpenter and Hodgson were not married, but neither were they having a conventional affair. They had entered into a bizarre arrangement with the blessing of Carpenter's wife of 10 years. Agnes Carpenter had been sterilised, but wanted another child. She had had two, but lost one in a cot-death. During summer 1987, some five months before, she had expressed interest in finding a surrogate mother. Her husband, a man with a history of infidelity, suggested Agnes's sister-in-law, Helen. Seemingly without compunction, Helen quickly established sexual relations with Ian Carpenter and moved into the house in Charlton Lane with her two young children.

"At 35 Agnes Carpenter looks like any other housewife who has been worn down. It is difficult to understand how she persuaded three people to kill"

The police knew all this when they decided it was time to interview Andrew Watkinson and Cherie McGovern. They talked first to Cherie. When confronted with the neighbours' statement, she became confused and began to say that Helen Hodgson had been injured. She did not say how or why. The police officers then interviewed her boyfriend, Andrew, and told him what the neighbours and his girlfriend had said. According to a policeman who was present, "Andy was clearly having a lot of trouble with what he had done or what he had seen. We didn't have to interview him, more help him admit it to himself."

Soon Andrew said, "All right, I'll show where she is." (Andrew Watkinson had, of course, been one of the visitors to Albion Wharf.) Then he asked the officer with him for a cigarette, started to cry, and said, "I didn't want to do it—I wish we hadn't." On the journey from his flat to the police station that morning, he had asked nervously, "You think I killed her, don't you?" That afternoon, 24 hours after the crime, he led the police officers to a housing estate next to Albion Wharf. At first he said that the body had been heaved over a low wall on the riverside of the estate. But police realised this could not have been true because a walkway separated the wall from the river. They then climbed down onto the walkway and Andrew Watkinson told them to shine their torches upstream towards Albion Wharf. They leant out over an iron railing and picked out the body which, surprisingly, had not been swept away by the tides. They soon realised that Watkinson had been lying about the point of disposal and that this was designed to protect somebody. It was obvious from what they saw that Andrew Watkinson could not have disposed of the body alone.

The story of the disposal began to emerge. The three people in the yellow Marina were Andrew Watkinson, Cherie McGovern and her brother George, an 18-year-old delinquent recently released from youth custody in Birmingham. George, the most hardened of the trio, was arrested that evening at his mother's house in Plumstead. He was interviewed and, on the strength of his account, night-watchman Les Ashton, whom Watkinson had tried to protect, was arrested at midnight.

George McGovern quickly admitted that he had killed Helen. The police asked him why and he said that he had been contracted to do the murder in return for some jewellery from a mail-order catalogue worth about £200. "Christmas presents for me and my bird," George McGovern explained. The police could hardly believe what they were hearing. Who was going to pay, they asked? George answered without hesitation, "Ian Carpenter's wife, Agnes". Within 30 hours of the crime, the police had recovered the body of the victim, had placed all the suspects behind bars, and broadly understood the chain of events and motive that had led to Helen Hodgson's cruel death.

Nearly a year later, at the Old Bailey, the five defendants were all charged with murder under an Act that allows for any participants, however slight their contribution, to be found guilty of murder. As the law says, "the hand of one is the hand of the other." Although the key figure was Agnes Carpenter—the estranged wife of Ian—Les Ashton, Cherie McGovern, Andrew Watkinson and George McGovern also faced life sentences when the trial began.

Agnes Carpenter presented an interesting figure in court. At 35 she looks like any other housewife who has been worn down by daily grind, disappointment, and the frequent, barely disguised infidelity of her husband. She looks

older than her years. Her cheeks are hollow, her lips slightly misshapen and, as the trial progressed, the strain began to show in bags under her eyes. It is difficult to understand how she persuaded three people to kill her rival.

The picture that emerged during the six-week court case was, by any standards, pitiful. The idea of surrogacy came to the Carpenters one evening in early summer 1987, when they were watching television in their net-curtained, semi-detached home. The programme was about two sisters, one of whom acted as surrogate mother for the other, who was childless. Agnes said, "I wish I had a sister who would do that for me." Weeks later, she returned home, exhausted from her late shift at McDonald's, to what seemed marvellous news: Ian had spoken to Terry Stockton, Agnes's brother, and his young wife. Helen had agreed to have a child for them. Agnes was thrilled.

It was a remarkable arrangement because not only did Helen sleep with Ian Carpenter, she also moved into the house with her two children. Ian Carpenter drew up a rota by which he would sleep with his wife and Helen on alternate nights. The schedule was pinned up in their kitchen. The problem came on Agnes's birthday, July 27, when she wanted to sleep with her husband. It was Helen's turn by the rota, and Ian stuck to it. Agnes reacted by sleeping in a caravan at the side of the house and sometimes in a car parked in the street until she was re-housed by Greenwich Council a month later.

It is difficult to be certain of Agnes's state of mind at this time. Jacqueline Hodgson, Helen's sister, who felt sorry for Agnes, visited her at her new home in Prince Henry Road, a mere half a mile from Charlton Lane. She says Agnes felt "distressed and bitter". On the other hand, Helen and Ian helped Agnes move, and every Monday the three went shopping together. In November, the month of the murder, Agnes ordered Helen's Christmas present: a pram for the baby Helen was expecting. The pram was delivered to Prince Henry Road in early December. By that time Agnes was in custody charged with Helen's murder.

The main business at the Old Bailey was to determine what had happened between Agnes's move from the family home and Helen's death. It was a story which attracted some interest in the popular press, but by the end of the first week of the trial the press box was empty. The tabloids deemed the case too sordid for their attention. One reporter remarked that "these people are retards", and another that it was a "fish and chip case", lacking the necessary glamour for full coverage. Perhaps this is the very reason why the case fascinates. True, the people involved are unglamorous but their humdrum lives are typical of millions in all but one crucial respect.

During the trial, the junior counsel defending Cherie McGovern remarked to me, "Most people who commit murder do not mean to do it." He may have a point, for there is an element in all the defendants of childish fantasy. In the evenings in Prince Henry Road, Agnes was often joined by Cherie and Andy. They listened to her complaints about Helen and Ian and tried to think of ways of removing Helen from his life, even though she was pregnant with the child whom Agnes dearly wanted. They engaged in a number of fantasies which culminated in a ridiculous plot to kill her. This macabre activity seems to have entertained the group. They described it as a joke. None of them seriously thought of doing it. One evening, Les Ashton, at 48 by far the eldest defendant, called round and was casually asked whether he could dispose of a body. Unluckily for him, he took it as a joke. "Yeah," he said, "fetch it down the yard," and winked broadly at Agnes.

"The idea of surrogacy came to the Carpenters while watching television. The programme was about two sisters; one was a surrogate mother"



The fantasy turned to reality when they were joined by Cherie's brother, George. He was younger than the others, but must have made his presence felt, for in court he was defiant where the others pleaded weakness and ignorance. In the real world, where the others appeared to accept meekly their inferior status, George was reckless and troublesome. At the age of 18, his convictions included burglary, criminal damage and assault. At 15 he had placed a block on a railway line, endangering human life. Agnes told the court of George's contribution. He had told her that he was going to murder Helen, and wanted gifts from her mail-order catalogue in return. In the witness box she tearfully recalled an evening two days before the murder when Cherie brought round the list of items that she, Andrew and George wanted as a reward. "Cherie said that if I didn't order them George would give me a beating-up."

Two days later, George, Andrew and Cherie set off in the late afternoon. George had a length of blue washing-line in his pocket, Cherie a tube of super-glue. They arrived at Charlton Lane and waited until Ian left the house. They were then let in by Helen. Their plan had been to knock her unconscious and suffocate her with super-glue. In fact, the scene was infinitely more horrid. Helen struggled and the McGoverns were panicked into a frenzied attack of stabbing and strangulation. It must have been shocking to the participants, and there is some evidence to suggest that they suppressed its horror until they broke down in front of the police. When in court the police pathologist, Professor James Cameron, came to describe the wounds suffered by Helen Hodgson, one juror had to be helped from the court in distress. Not even Professor Cameron's dry and professional delivery could hide the brutality of the crime.

In the 11 months between the committal proceedings and their appearance in court, the defendants lost much of their remorse. Their confessions to the police were all in some way retracted. Andrew Watkinson, the first to tell police the whole story, maintained in the witness box that he knew nothing of Helen's murder until he was called into the house by his girlfriend, Cherie. Although he had only been waiting in the car when Helen was killed he was still in an untenable position. The prosecuting counsel, Julian Bevan QC, a cross-examiner of suave, almost surgical skills, reduced him to inarticulate desperation. His cross-examination lasted two sessions, the first of which was curtailed by Watkinson pleading for a break. By the end of his time in the witness box he could not answer Bevan's questions but instead mumbled this mantra, "I only knew about it after the fact." He could not prove his ignorance of the plot, and desperately claimed that he had made up his confession to the murder.

Throughout the case Bevan dominated the court. He cultivated the jury, looking in their direction whenever attention was wandering, acknowledging eye contact with a smile, and seeming to share their bafflement at long-winded court procedures with a sympathetic shrug. He listened with obvious scepticism during the presentation of each defence, and never more so than when Cherie McGovern's lawyers argued that their client was suffering from an abnormality of the mind at the time of the crime. He was obviously impatient with the jargon of the psychiatrists called on Cherie McGovern's behalf. One suggested that she was suffering from an



could not resist, despite their seniority. Both seemed to be in the McGoverns' thrall. Agnes's defence was that she had intended no real harm to Helen, although the evidence against her was overwhelming. What sealed her fate was the letter that she had forged to explain Helen's sudden disappearance. When the police first visited the Carpenters' home, they found no farewell note from Helen. McGovern and Watkinson had it. It was addressed to "Ian" and signed, "Helen". Cherie McGovern had forgotten to place it in the Carpenters' home. As for the mail-order reward, Agnes said that she had indeed agreed to buy the items chosen, but only because she was afraid of McGovern.

The verdicts were inevitable. After 11 hours of deliberation, the jury declared them all guilty, while exercising some leniency. Les Ashton, the 48-year-old night-watchman from Albion Wharf, was found guilty of assisting an offender by helping dispose of the corpse and received a seven-year sentence. Cherie McGovern was found guilty of manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility, and got 10 years.

The majority of the blame was placed on the three remaining defendants. Agnes Carpenter, Andrew Watkinson and George McGovern were all sentenced to life imprisonment for murder. The only surprise in these sentences was that, although he had not actively participated in the murder, Watkinson received a harsher sentence than his girlfriend, who took a leading role that evening in Charlton Lane.

It was distasteful watching these five defendants wriggle and try to deny their undoubted guilt. But it was difficult not to differentiate between their personalities and to see where the real blame lay. It was also difficult not to sympathise in some small way with Agnes Carpenter, whose muddled and abused life was the most depressing feature of the case. There was, of course, very little sense to be found in her actions, her horrifying fantasies, and the crudeness of their realisation by Cherie and George McGovern. Equally, the behaviour of Andrew Watkinson and Les Ashton defies understanding, for neither stood to gain from the murder nor had any sound reason for wishing her ill.

"Their plan had been to knock her unconscious and suffocate her with super-glue. In fact, it was infinitely more horrid"

The awful thing, perhaps, about a case like this is that there *is* no meaning to it. No rewarding psychological conclusions can be drawn. This murder was simply the result of a meagreness of spirit and stupidity, which is not rare in a city of almost seven million souls. What was rare was the down-at-heel cruelty of it all. ■

inadequate personality—and that she could not cope with the stress of motherhood; another said that she was mentally sub-normal. The third, an eminent neuro-psychiatrist, produced evidence of brain damage. All these factors were taken in account in her sentencing.

Her brother, George, offered no such mitigation. His defence was almost funny, it was so outrageous. On the day of the murder he claimed that he had had a change of heart and decided against killing Helen. He went to tell Agnes. She made him a cup of tea which, to the court's astonishment, he alleged had been spiked with LSD. "I felt like Superman when I got up," he announced. This excuse, christened the "psychedelic tea-bag defence" by Agnes Carpenter's counsel, was treated with contempt by the court. Bevan did not dignify the claim by referring to it. McGovern's case was always a lost cause. Even if he had had a good defence, his manner in the dock could have been enough to convince any juror that his character was fundamentally malevolent.

Watching McGovern and his sister in court, I became convinced that a murder of this callousness would not have occurred without them. They both possess a cruelty and forcefulness that Les Ashton and Agnes Carpenter obviously

Peruvian witchery

Cuzco, once the heart of the Inca empire, is one of those places which change its visitors' lives

DIANA PETRE

Maria's daughter said: "I'm going home for Christmas, why don't you come too?"

Maria's house in Lima, Peru, was built some 40 years ago by her father, an architect and eccentric who would buy a piece of land, build a few houses on it for the sheer love of building in harmony with the terrain, and then, on a whim, give away the latest house to a friend without a thought of title deeds or anything else so tiresome. Because of this a cobweb of legal muddles remains. He was a spiritualist and obeyed to the letter what the spirits told him to do.

The climate in Lima is humid and hot, though it is sometimes chilly at night so that to sleep with an open window is to risk a stiff neck in the morning. For the first few days we never went out. We lay by the pool, sunning ourselves, swimming, eating, and drinking Pisco sours.

Pisco, the typical drink of Peru, is a coarse green brandy, and a Pisco sour is made by adding fresh lime juice, syrup and ice in a blender, then putting a little egg-white and three drops of bitters on the top. We ate delicious Peruvian food, so enticingly presented it seemed a crime to disarrange the patterns, and on New Year's Day a traditional soup called *chupe de camarones*, a crawfish bisque, very hot and strong, which was said to cure all hangovers.

It was during these first lazy days that I met John who said he was going on a trip to Cuzco and Machu Picchu. He had been once some years before and made a vow to return as often as he could. Nowhere and nothing could match Cuzco and Machu Picchu, he said. "Why don't you come too?" A minute later it was all fixed up.

When the day came my friends prepared me as though for Everest. Cuzco, our first stop, is 12,000 feet above sea level. I was kitted out with oxygen, mountain-sickness pills, a warm vest, barley sugar, a walking stick with a rubber tip, and a money belt. Everyone gave advice: on arrival at Cuzco, drink coca tea, made from the leaves of a myrtle-like herb chewed by Indians for its minuscule content of cocaine, and lie down for a couple of hours. Failing this, move very, very slowly, breathing deeply.



SPECTRUM

A myrtle-like herb tea combats the effects of high altitude

Beware of villains: anything set on the ground for a minute will vanish, above all at airports. People are not mugged as in England, but bags are snatched, watches cut off with one slash, ear-rings painfully ripped from ears and chains grabbed from women's necks. The stories were endless.

John, who speaks some Spanish, took care of our bookings. Travelling by plane or train in Peru, you book well in advance, then check later, re-check and check again. Seats get double-booked and trains and planes are inexplicably cancelled at the last moment. You can arrive at an airport hours before departure time after constant checking by telephone to find your name simply not on the list of passengers. Nothing so drastic happened to us.

Cuzco lies deep in a valley between mountains, snug and precise. The first sight of it from the air suggests an oblong-shaped carpet of pink-red Spanish roof tiles, then the plane dips alarmingly, leaving the mountain tops high on either side, flutters low along one edge of the city and turns abruptly to come in as though about to carve its way through the middle.

We had decided not to stay in one of the two expensive hotels but at a tiny hotel about 100 yards from the cathedral. Maria's daughter had stayed there and had armed us with a letter to Cussi, the young landlord. He had a wide smile and no English.

We drank coca tea and set out at once to wander very slowly, breathing deeply. On that first morning I simply felt as though my legs had doubled their length so that each step must be taken with deliberation. There was no hurry, we could drift, we had all the next day and another full day on the way back from Machu Picchu. That afternoon Cussi's uncle was to take us in his taxi to an archaeological site outside the city.

Cuzco, once the heart of the Inca empire, was a holy place. In the days of the great Sun Emperors, each ruler, viceroy and chief built himself a palace and filled it with gold and silver—"the sweat of the sun" and "the tears of the moon"—as well as jewels and the finest fabrics, including cloth softer than silk made of the skins of vampire bats.

The Inca dynasty in Cuzco began in about the 13th century, spoke the Quecha language, and had no form of writing then or later. In 1533 the Spanish conquistadors put an end to this extraordinary rule. By that time the empire had been extended to take in much of Ecuador and Chile.

The King was Emperor, an absolute monarch, Son of the Sun, and worshipped as a god. Life for obedient subjects was trouble-free, with protection by the army and no fear of famine; the Incas were supreme agriculturists. For the disobedient, however, punishment was death or the severest cruelty.

Cuzco is one of those places which change people. I knew at once why John had said he must return to it. It might have been the only city in the world; nowhere else seemed to exist any more. There is a little traffic noise, and the sound of dogs barking, but the centuries-old stillness is what stays in the mind.

At six o'clock on the evening of our first day, in Cussi's uncle's taxi, I said to John, "How well we've done! Out all day and neither of us upset by the altitude." Back at the hotel, 10 minutes later, I was sitting on the side of the bed, gripping my head to stop it from exploding. It was an extraordinary sensation. I could neither lie down nor reach out for the oxygen. Eventually, I managed to undress and get into bed. Whenever I woke in the night my heart seemed to have stopped beating, but a spurt of fear always got it going again. By morning I was entirely restored.

That day Cussi himself took us in the taxi. If the recent floodings permitted, we were to go to Pisac and the Sacred Valley of the Incas. We started in sunshine but soon the rain came down. The first scheduled stop was at a busy market. It was still raining and the mud everywhere was inches deep. We got out.

My first impression was of noise, colour and a strong but not wholly offensive—maybe due to an almost meatless diet—lavatorial odour. The short, stocky Peruvian Indian women, with their fine-boned, strong faces and black-button eyes, wear no knickers beneath their capacious skirts and simply stand,



Machu Picchu: built from stones of such prodigious size that 100 men working for a month would have been unable to cut one of them

SPECTRUM

legs straddled, to urinate. Their upper halves are swathed in layers of brilliantly coloured wrappings and they all wear Homburg hats without the dents, this last often in gleaming white with a black band. I wondered where these hats, so prosperous-looking and so unsquashed, were kept at night in the tiny homes of their owners.

In spite of the rain and mud the market was booming. Groups of old men sat together, silent, with unfathomable faces; women watched at their stalls, hawk-eyed for a sale; youths and girls wore European clothes. The stalls held clothes, jewellery, leather, vegetables, rugs, carved objects, brass, ribbons, laces and many other things. Set out on the ground there were enticing little dishes of highly-spiced food.

We walked a lot that day in the rain and the sun, while Cussi polished the taxi or slept in it. We clambered over ruins, visited villages and another smaller market at Pisac, we walked and sat for a long while in the wonderful Sacred Valley of the Incas, and all the time an almost holy awareness of the immutability of the mountains all around sank more deeply into me.

We had already booked seats on the train to Machu Picchu but Cussi got us to the station an hour early in case of double-booking or some other misadventure. All went well.

The train runs on a single track and leaves the station in a zigzag fashion, advancing, backing on to a side track, advancing again. After about an hour of this it gets properly under way and the journey takes about four hours. The moment the city is left behind the ravishing beauty, the grandeur, the lushness and sheer witchery of the land is truly spellbinding. The train travels for mile after stunning mile alongside the Urubamba River. On our day, after the recent flooding, this was a roaring, foaming, bright brown fury, hurling great waves in all directions, torrential chaos tearing its way through great precipices of granite which rose up sheer for thousands of feet.

In contrast to all this violence there are gentle vistas of tree ferns, fire bushes, wild orchids, calcinarium, fuchsias and endless varieties of eucalyptus.

Before the train had come to a halt in the station, about half the passengers, including John, leaped down and made a dash to form a queue for the small buses which run a shuttle service up the mountain to the tourist hotel at the summit and entrance to Machu Picchu.

In deepest cloud and rain, we drove up the precipitous government road to a towering height. When we got out, only the hotel was clearly visible. Yet the presence of the mountains, now shrouded from sight, and the force within them felt unmistakable.

Machu Picchu was rediscovered by Dr Hiram Bingham, an American, in 1911. Before that, only a handful of Indians living nearby knew of its existence, and to them it was no more than a collection of overgrown ruins.

A Jesuit chronicler wrote: "It is beyond the power of imagination to understand how these Indians, unaware of machines, engines or implements, could have cut, dressed, raised and lowered great rocks more like hunks of mountain than building stones, and set them so exactly in their place. . .stones of such prodigious size that 100 men working for a month would have been unable to cut one of them".

By four o'clock a transformation had taken place. The rain had stopped and pale sunlight was filtering through the clouds. These were floating gently away to reveal the hidden peaks. I banged on the wall to wake John. There was no one about when we set out alone into the penetrating stillness ■

The Lost World of the Incas, a 19-day escorted journey taking in La Paz, Nazca, an overnight stay at Machu and Cuzco, is offered by Voyages Jules Verne (723 6556) and Thomas Cook (0733 503202) from £1,850 per person. For bona fide discounted air tickets contact Trailfinders on 938 3366. *The South American Handbook* (Trade and Travel Publications) is an invaluable guide for independent travellers.

ILN WEEKEND VISIT TO

THE LAKE DISTRICT

MAY 12-14, 1989

England's spectacular Lake District is the centre for the next *ILN* weekend, when readers will stay by Windermere, visit Wordsworth's Dove Cottage and the museum at Grasmere, as well as the beautiful medieval and Georgian country house and garden of Dalemain, the award-winning Abbot Hall Art Gallery and the Museum of Lakeland Life and Industry in Kendal. They will sail the length of Lake Windermere on one of the traditional cruisers run by the Iron Steamboat Company.

This special *ILN* weekend will begin at midday on Friday, May 12, in London where readers will board a luxury coach taking them direct to the Belsfield Hotel, on the shore of the lake at Bowness, where they will stay. Individual picnic lunches, with wine, will be served during the journey. Guests will be welcomed by the Editor-in-chief of the *ILN*, James Bishop, and after dinner Melvyn Bragg, the broadcaster and author who was born in the area, will talk about the history and enchantment of the Lake District.

On Saturday morning the party will visit Dove Cottage (home of the poet Wordsworth during his most creative years from 1799 to 1808) and the new museum alongside, where some of his manuscripts and other memorabilia are displayed. Later the party will board one of the Lake Windermere fleet for a cruise down England's largest lake.

On Sunday the first visit will be to Dalemain, a medieval, Tudor and early Georgian house and gardens lived in by the same family for more than 300 years. Then the party will see the Abbot Hall Art Gallery, a house dating from 1759 with fine period rooms, furniture, portraits and watercolours, and the Museum of Lakeland Life and Industry, winner of the first Museum of the Year Award, which provides a fascinating record of the social and working life of the Lake District. The party will return by coach from Kendal, arriving back in London on Sunday evening.

During the weekend guests will stay at the Belsfield, a comfortable, modernised hotel in an elegant 19th-century building, standing in six acres of landscaped gardens sloping down to the lake at Bowness, with magnificent views across the water to the hills beyond.

The total cost of the *ILN* weekend, including coach to and from London, accommodation for two nights, all meals from Friday lunch to Sunday lunch, other transport, entry fees, guides, etc, will be £210 (£30 supplement for single room) per person. Numbers have to be restricted, so to ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the form as soon as possible. Confirmation of your booking will be sent at once and further details in April.



Dalemain, near Pooley Bridge, has been the historic seat of the Hasell family for more than 300 years



Spend Saturday morning exploring William Wordsworth's Dove Cottage



View Lake Windermere's islands from a steamer

Grasmere is part of the natural enchantment that makes the Lake District ideal for a relaxing weekend visit



Guests will stay at the Belsfield Hotel

To: The Illustrated London News (Lake District), 91-93 Southwark Street, London SE1 0HX

Please reserve me.....place(s) for the ILN weekend visit to the Lake District (May 12-14, 1989) at £210 per person (£240 for single room).
I should like a single/double room (delete whichever is inapplicable)

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I enclose my cheque made payable to The Illustrated London News
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The fish that bit

MATTHEW FORT

When a promising recipe has gone wrong, guests can be relied upon to keep the memory of it alive

I accept that the *truite au porto* was an error of judgment. But the recipe said (and he who has not been seduced by a recipe has not lived): "An outstanding recipe from an exceptional chef. It is a lake salmon trout stuffed with a mixture of celery, carrots, truffles and button mushrooms, bound with diced quenelle of trout. It is moistened with a little Noilly Prat and equal proportions of port, sherry and very dry white wine. The sauce is light, enriched with cream, and then finished with a very little sauce mousseline—a hollandaise sauce thickened with cream. The dish is decorated with slivers of truffles and fluted mushrooms."

You can see why I fell for it. I particularly loved the bit about fluted mushrooms. It was a pity about the trout quenelle. That didn't quite turn out as it was supposed to, and had to be abandoned; and my purse wouldn't run to truffles. Never mind. They weren't to know.

It came about this way. I had returned from a fishing trip in Ireland with several brothers and friends, laden with a number of sea trout. These trout weren't exactly leviathans, but they had been freshly caught, and they were ours. So I decided that we would have a dinner to celebrate our success. Two brothers and their wives came. A sister and her husband came. Adam the Pole came with my godmother. And Stephen came. It was as merry a gathering as you could imagine.

"It is mercifully ordained," wrote the finest and wisest of fishing writers, H. T. Sheringham, "that one's keenest memories are in general of things pleasant. If the remembrance of pains were as vivid as the remembrance of pleasures, a man would seriously begin to wonder whether it was worth while." And here is the real point of this ramble around fishing literature. "Yet, in spite of this beneficent ordinance of life, there must always be days in one's angling history that one still regards with horror and indignation—days which no amount of subsequent joy has availed to obliterate."

How very true—and what is true of fishing is true of cooking. The problem with culinary disasters is that you have to share them with the whole world. They live on, not only in your memory but also in the memories of others, remaining a source of delight to all who suffered with you. There they sit, your *soi-disant* friends, at your table, mopping up your exquisite sauce with your bread from your plate, their faces scarlet with your wine, tears of laughter coursing down their cheeks at your discomfiture.

There is one particularly irksome Irishman who cannot forget a pigeon I served him 15 years ago. He describes in detail how he pursued it round the table, stabbing ineffectually at it with his knife and fork, unable to get a purchase on its resilient surface. Finally (as he tells it), the pigeon skidded off his plate on to the floor, where it bounced like a tennis ball.

I don't believe I am alone in such experiences, but you would never get that idea from cookery books or food writers. As far as I can tell there hasn't been a single duff dish in the history of cooking. Meal after meal unfolds in seamless splendour, soufflés risen to their appointed heights; meat tender and tasty and perfectly cooked; fish *à point*, so that it lifts away from the bone in a piece and yet preserves its delicate, distinctive texture; vegetables crisp and crunchy at exactly the right time; puddings a joy. The most they acknowledge is that a sauce might curdle.



DIANA LEADBETTER

"There they sit, mopping up your sauce with your bread, faces scarlet with your wine, tears coursing down their cheeks at your discomfiture"

They don't warn you, for example, about the potential for havoc of your own guests, *even when the guests aren't there*. My earliest whiff of failure of this kind came when I prepared an Edwardian breakfast for a select few of my fellow students at a northern university. Have you ever sat surrounded by mountains of congealing scrambled egg, burial mounds of solidifying kippers, devilled kidneys acquiring a dull crust, mushrooms like penicillin growths, without a friendly voice to raise a smile? Apparently I had been wildly over-optimistic about my friends' ability to get up at what I considered a reasonable hour on a Sunday.

I can put that down to inexperience, but I wish I had such a face-saving explanation for the dinner I prepared a few years ago. I had gone overboard on the cream. There was cream in the *quenelles de brochet à la sauce nantua*, cream in the *faisan à la normande*, cream in the chocolate mousse, and cream in the apricot mousse as well. It wasn't a perfectly balanced menu, and there was a bit of a run on the bathroom cabinet that night.

But all these were child's play when set beside the famous trout dinner that I was telling you about. I should have known better, but the little fishes did look pretty when they went into the oven, side by side. Twenty minutes later out they came, as per the instructions, on to the plates with a splash of sauce mousseline and, whizz, through they went to the hungry diners.

I have been known to work up a bit of a sweat when on cooking duty—nerves and so on. I may not have been as sensitive to subtle changes in mood and atmosphere as I might have been when I hurried through from plating up. Filled with keenest anticipation I sat down, seized knife and fork, tucked in—and stopped. My fish was absolutely raw. My wife-to-be's fish was raw. Adam the Pole's fish was raw. "I thought something might be up," said Stephen, "when I noticed my fish winking at me. I don't think they do that if they're cooked." By some mystery my godmother's helping was cooked through. "It's absolutely delicious," she kept murmuring.

Rage is not an adequate word to describe my feelings. White-faced, tight-lipped, I gathered up the plates, stacked high with the uneaten remains, and carried them out. Luckily no one said a word. Had any of them done so, I would have been a friend or a member of my family the less.

I have matured a lot since then. I can take it, and probably will again. The Fisherman's Dinner is about to come up on my social calendar, and I have no doubt about what the topic of conversation will be ■

Matthew Fort is co-author of the Peter Fort column of the *Financial Times*

ILN Restaurant of the Year awards

For the *ILN* Awards, we, the distinguished panel—Sir Clement Freud, Drew Smith, retiring editor of *The Good Food Guide*, James Bishop, editor-in-chief of the *ILN*, Tony Price, its publisher, and myself—were closeted in one of the resplendent dining-rooms at the top of Sea Containers House overlooking the Thames. We were sitting in judgment on the capital's finest eating-houses in three categories—the Best New Restaurant, the Best Evening Meal (for £50 for two, not including wine); and the Best Sunday Lunch—selected from recommendations by *ILN* readers.

The Best New Restaurant. Bibendum, we all agreed, was a worthy winner. The food is terrific, the wine list encyclopaedic, the service professional and the atmosphere smart without being intimidating.

The Best Evening Meal for the restaurant that wouldn't break your gold card, proved to be more of a problem. Just as we were despairing of agreeing on an out-and-out winner, Orso, the Italian restaurant in Wellington Street, burst through on the rails. Splendid food, usually good service, a sound wine list, and you could eat to repletion and still get change from your £25 a head. We staggered on to a Sunday lunch.

Sunday lunch should be a family affair, we concluded, and somehow we could not see ourselves comfortably taking Cecil aged four, and Cecilia aged six, Auntie Flo and Uncle Bertie and Staggers, the Pyrenean mountain dog, to the Ritz, the Connaught or even to Drakes, no matter how excellent the food and service. Kensington Place is where we'd go for its imaginative new English cooking and lively atmosphere.

If you want a serious food experience in a new restaurant, go to Bibendum, Michelin House, 81 Fulham Road, SW3 (581 5817). If you want to eat excellent Italian food for less than *un' braccio e una gamba*, pop along to Orso, 27 Wellington Street, WC2 (240 5269). And on Sundays, take your brood to Kensington Place, 201 Kensington Church Street, W8 (727 3184). If they aren't booked out, that is ■

MATTHEW FORT

Comfort and joy

KINGSLEY AMIS

The best hotel food in London, spiced with a bit of snob-appeal and all the trimmings, is currently to be enjoyed at the Berkeley

Even after the rapid changes of the last half-dozen years, many ordinary eaters-out in the capital still believe they stand a better chance of a decent meal at a reasonable price at a restaurant that is a restaurant and nothing more, than at one that is part of a hotel. This does seem to have stayed true in the provinces—in South Wales, for instance, you steer well clear of the "international cuisine" at the Grand and go for bacon, laverbread and cockles in a side-street joint. But in London a dozen hotels now offer stiff competition where formerly the Ritz reigned supreme.

As regards the quality of their food, that is. The question of price is more complicated. In what seems like no more than a couple of years, the economic edge the restaurant-restaurant used to enjoy over the hotel-restaurant has been very much eroded, and it is now all too easy to eat nearly as expensively and not nearly as comfortably in the former as in the latter. There are exceptions, and there are places that manage to be cheaper without lowering too far the quality of surroundings and trimmings, but for anything like a bargain meal you have to go ethnic.

It may be easy to underrate the hotel's built-in advantages. You can get there and back easily, especially back—a solid advantage over the exciting (and in all probability vile) little bistro out at Burnt Oak or Woolwich. Negatively, the hotel is unlikely to be overcrowded, noisy, hot and redolent of other people's food. Positively, it will carry a bit of snob-appeal in décor and clientele, which in my experience everybody but a committed slummer rather enjoys, though admitting as much is less usual. If, after all that, the food is lousy, you can at least choke on it in comfort.

That will not arise at the Berkeley, where the food is the main attraction among several. There is plenty of comfort, certainly. The cocktail lounge is what they used to call a popular rendezvous, so there are tables reserved for those about to eat; good drinks, good nibbles. The restaurant itself is bright, light, airy and spacious, with a chintzy, unemphatic Empire look. No music is to be heard anywhere which, of course, ought to go without saying but, horrible to relate, is fast becoming a rarity.

To the wine next, so that I need not end on a grouch. The list is naturally extensive, not very adventurous (no great fault), some clarets under £20, a few Americans and Antipodeans, two pages of half-bottles (high marks for that). At lunch we had a bottle of the good old Château de Selle rosé from Provence, good enough indeed to set me plotting an article in praise of pink, the Cinderella of light wines; it was perfectly served. At dinner I plunged a bit, or rather went some way up the price-range to a 1982 Chambolle-Musigny. And, oh dear, that was very imperfectly served, having been warmed until it was just about tepid.



A reminder of what food used to be

"The haddock mousse, under a triangle of jelly like part of a stained-glass window, drew suspicious glances but tasted as haddock will in heaven"

The criminality of heating wines can be exaggerated, and unless it is overdone it is usually undetected and everyone is happy. Nevertheless in this case it reduced what should have been a superb bottle into something that was merely rather good, and therefore much overpriced. So would I rather have had it as it came up from what was no doubt a cold corner of the cellar? Yes I would—cold wine soon warms up acceptably in a glass with your hand round it, and a quarter of an hour on the table can work wonders, or at least give you something approaching what you are paying for.

The food was first-rate, all of it. Starters included a shrimp cocktail (called a shrimp salad) and a lobster cocktail, both made with fresh meat, a reminder of what these dishes were intended to be. The haddock mousse, under a triangle of jelly like part of a stained-glass window, drew suspicious glances but tasted as haddock will in heaven. The cured beef drew nothing but enthusiasm all along. The oysters—what can you say of fat, fresh oysters but that they were fat, fresh oysters at their peak?

But the main courses . . . venison, that most difficult of game meats, was in its Berkeley version the best ever for one of my guests. The other chose beef Stroganoff, not much less dodgy in my experience, and revelled in it. I had sole Caprice, normally a simple fatty's dish with banana and mango chutney, here done to a turn, with its sauce caramelised into something never dreamt of. So with liver and bacon, veal with mushroom and cream sauce, poached turbot. Marvellous puddings.

The chef at the Berkeley is obviously a very fine fellow, and on this showing he is currently offering the best hotel meal in London ■

Berkeley Hotel Restaurant, Wilton Place, SW1 (235 6000). Daily 12.45-2.15pm, 6.45-10.45pm. About £65 for two, excluding wine.

IRELAND'S LEADING REBEL

ALEX RENTON

Considered the most formidable of Irish actors, Stephen Rea now plays two Gaelic rebels in repertoire at the National Theatre. But despite his successful assault on the English audience his ambition lies firmly in Ireland

Stephen Rea is playing at home and enjoying it. It is Friday night at Belfast's Grand Opera House—the ornate Victorian culture palace where as a child he got his first taste of the stage—and Rea, with his characteristic combination of languor and passion, is showing his friends and neighbours a new character: the legendary rebel Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. At the interval the audience is boisterous, despite the theatre's locked doors and the desolate central Belfast that lies outside. They are debating the play—*Making History*—the latest from Ireland's premier playwright, Brian Friel, with a vigour I have never encountered in an English audience. Fingers jab at chests in the crowded crush bar: "But listen! You make the history you want to believe in . . ." and, "Your man, O'Neill, what he stood for was . . .". "Oh yes," says Rea with a grin, "English audiences see our work and want to get educated. Irish audiences want to argue. That's why I like them."

Field Day, the Derry-based company that Rea and Friel set up in 1980 "as a kind of declaration of independence from London", has now brought *Making History* to the National Theatre, where it runs in rep to allow Stephen Rea to repeat his glorious success as the lead in Dion Boucicault's *The Shaughraun*. Rea plays down the importance to Field Day of the National run. "It makes our standards higher for here." But for Rea himself it is a turning point, the moment when the Derry Rea, the actor-manager, the champion of new work to fuel Ireland's debate, meets the London persona—the actors' actor who has worked his way through roles as wildly different as Mike Connor, the "Frank Sinatra part", in *High Society*, and the ambitious young stand-up in Trevor Griffiths's *Comedians*.

Versatile he is—it is the first compliment his many friends pay him—but Rea still has qualms about his Irishness. "I have this notion that people think I'm a Belfast actor: that's the wonderful thing about Field Day, that there are Irish parts but also leading roles, as big as anything in the English theatre canon." That the great English parts have as yet eluded him puzzles Simon Curtis, second-in-command at the Royal Court and guest director of *Making History*. "He brings a unique human richness to everything he does: I remember so clearly his Trofimov for Peter Gill in *The Cherry Orchard*—the definitive production. But I don't think his true versatility has been exploited. His status at the National Theatre is as great now as any Shakespearian lead, and I hope that Richard Eyre is going to offer him Shakespeare." Eyre himself says that



DONALD COOPER

Rea is "the most formidable of Irish actors; intelligent, witty, literate and articulate. He has a very good ear for verse so there is nothing preventing him from taking on Shakespeare."

In Belfast I suggested to Rea that, like Alec Guinness, he was perhaps too versatile to jump to the mind of a director hunting Shakespeare leads. Rea was characteristically humble when faced with the comparison, though he would admit to admiring Guinness's lack of bravura, his understatement. Guinness, apart from a Hamlet for Tyrone Guthrie, never did much in the way of Shakespeare, and Rea seems to have accepted the same fate. "I suppose I've given up on Shakespeare, or Shakespeare has given up on me. I don't know—it's what you're supposed to want, but it doesn't really matter."

Rea was downbeat when we met, and with good reason. It was a cold, wet, wintry lunchtime and we were sitting in front of a coal fire in Rea's brother-in-law's house in Andersonstown. The house is modern and comfortable, but the Divis Hills are dark behind it, and the Falls Road lies between it and well-heeled, Protestant East Belfast. Shaggy for Hugh O'Neill, Rea was showing the effects of touring a play in which he leaves the stage for only 10 minutes, his tired eyes making waves down his face. He looks all his 41 years.

Rea lacks utterly the self-obsession of many star actors—the protective arrogance that retains a sense of unviolated privacy. Indeed, Rea off-stage is uniquely like Rea on-stage. "What he does is highly cerebral," says a director who has worked with him. "It comes from intelligence and a great deal of thought."

Rea gives performances of extraordinary naturalness and ease, characters who are casual, with Rea's familiar slouch and shuffle, who, without ever demanding your attention, become the only thing you will watch on stage. And Rea, slumped in an armchair, with a Shaughraun twinkle in his eye, is a curious mix of every character I have seen him play. It is mysterious and exciting.

Simon Curtis agrees that Guinness is the sort of actor that Rea is becoming, and he takes the line further: "Stephen is a complete actor, in a grand tradition of wholly taking over character. If he were in America he would be a huge movie star." Rea has only dabbled in film, but made a success in the role of a saxophonist who becomes entangled with the IRA in Neil Jordan's *Angel*, and in Richard Eyre's *Loose Connections*. He insists that playing comedy is what he enjoys most. "I like the instant response. We had a hard opening night with *Making History*, but it's always easier to do a comedy opening night. You work the audience: it's a technical job."

The Shaughraun is Dion Boucicault's rumbustious melodrama of upright Englishmen and wily Fenians, a Tom and Jerry story that delicately suggests that it is more fun to be a Shaughraun—a folk term for a chancer, a scamp—than a Captain in the British Army. The play—"a perfect machine" says Rea—is no more subversive than that, but Conn, his gloriously anarchic Shaughraun, says as much about the indefatigable Irish spirit as was possible in 1870. "The Irish always get the last laugh," says Rea.

For Brian Friel, the author of *Translations* and



MIKE GOLDWATER

Stephen Rea beside the O'Neill arms in Londonderry's Guildhall. Opposite page, as Brendan Bracken MP in *Double Cross* at the Royal Court, 1986

adapter of last year's *Fathers and Sons* at the National, Rea plays a very different rebel, Hugh O'Neill, in *Making History*. O'Neill was a leader in the Nine Years' War, an abortive, Spanish-backed rebellion against Elizabeth I, and the subject of many legends. While the character is pragmatic, he is also a loser—this is Friel's own interpretation of a figure in Nationalist history about whom few truths are known. Friel's play, as much as recounting his own history of O'Neill, questions the process of constructing history. It is a robustly told and highly argumentative piece.

With the rain beating relentlessly on the window, we reconstructed Rea's own history. Born in Belfast, one of the four children of a bus-driver, he read English and French at the city's Queen's University. "My mother's determi-ıation" got him to university, along with two of ıis siblings. He didn't enjoy it though and ɔelieves that he should have started acting traight away. "I dabbled in things—but I was ɛever involved in Dramsoc. I was too shy, or too ıure. I regarded them all as poseurs. So I got ıualifications. Like everyone says, 'you'll be able o fall back on these'—but if I fell back on them l'd collapse completely.

"I was a show-off as a kid, and then I had the ıdolescent decline into shyness. I just found the instinct to perform." Rea's family went regularly to the Opera House. "Amateur drama festivals and occasional plays from Dublin. But the Opera House, that's what theatres should look like. Not like the Lyttelton Theatre."

After university, Rea spent a brief period at Dublin's Abbey Theatre and then went to England to find work in the fringe theatre explosion of the early 70s. From there he progressed, with hardly a break, to the Royal Court and then to the National where he first made a mark in 1975 with *Playboy of the Western World*. "Rea is magnificent," Peter Hall noted in his *Diaries*. But his training, Rea says, began when he met the supreme, high-focus director Nancy Meckler. "That was real education—working with her and a group called Freehold. We did *Antigone*, *The Duchess of Malfi*; I really learnt a lot from Nancy, because she's American and she had no sense that to be Irish was to be . . . not English. She didn't care: you just had to be an actor."

In 1983 Rea married Dolours Price, who served a jail sentence in the 70s for IRA activity, and found his private actor's persona became public in the least pleasant way. The interviews he did for Richard Eyre's successful restaging of *High Society*, in 1986, turned into "IRA sympathiser at Royal Gala" headlines. And then, when he opened in the title role of *The Shaughraun* at the National Theatre last summer, there they were again. Was the National going to ban Dolours from the opening night?

Eyre is an old and good friend, who has played as big a part in constructing Rea's career as anyone. There are many actors of his generation who are hoping that the appointment of their friend and contemporary as artistic director of the National will herald a golden age. Few are more likely to be at the head of Eyre's revolution than Rea. "I think Richard's probably the only man who could do the job," Rea says. "It's a huge job, and I think it's rather wonderful that we've got someone of his political leanings there at this time."

As yet, however, there are no parts at the National for Rea after this run. He does not seem bothered. The next project is a sit-com on the apocalypse for Thames Television. Rea will be playing a Yorkshireman opposite Ronald Pick-up. And his mind is already on Field Day's 1989 show, possibly a classic.

Rea does not regard the National run as the climax of Field Day. "No. Field Day's finest hour for me is going to a small town—Ballycastle, where we played last week—and seeing a full house, children, older people, responding, debating, discussing. That's an effect that will last for life." ■

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Mafia mistaken

ROBERT FOX

Is Christopher Duggan's *Fascism and the Mafia* detached from the realities of organised crime?

Five years ago when the film *The Godfather* was shown on Italian state television it commanded an audience approaching 25 million. That was at a time when mafia feuds had accounted for more than 200 deaths in the Sicilian capital in the previous two and a half years, and the Neapolitan variant of mafia, the Camorra, had been killing three victims every two days. Last November the new anti-mafia commissioner Judge Domenico Sica told the Italian parliament that the government had lost control of large parts of Sicily, Naples and Calabria to organised crime.

The public imagination was caught by the murders of "quality victims", the illustrious corpses—*cadaveri eccellenti*—as they called them, after the mummified dignitaries which hang in full regalia in the crypt of the Capuchin chapel in Palermo. Most illustrious of the victims was the *carabinieri* General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa who, with his young wife, was machine-gunned to death. Dalla Chiesa had successfully broken the main elements of the Red Brigades, and in 1982 had been sent as special anti-mafia commissioner to deal with the upsurge of criminal violence in Sicily. In 1987 more than 338 defendants were convicted after the so-called "super trial" on a range of charges of drug trafficking, extortion and murder.

Fascism and the Mafia, by Christopher Duggan, Fellow of All Souls and director of the Italian Centre at Reading, is the story of how the mafia got its name and how, in the 1920s, it provided leading Fascists with a convenient stick with which to beat opponents in Sicily. Dr Duggan says that the expression "mafia" first achieved currency in Sicily and Italy in the upheavals accompanying the Risorgimento and the liberation of the island in the 1860s. Notions that it is a form of criminal association of older pedigree are dismissed. Dr Duggan conjectures that the mafia has never been a well-organised criminal conspiracy, despite the protestations of such as the supergrass Tommaso Buscetta in the recent Palermo "Maxi Trial". Such pieces of embroidery, Duggan suggests, have often been crafted by journalists and politicians.



Gaetano Ferrarello, a Sicilian bandit who surrendered to Cesare Mori

This argument is continued in the assessment of the career of Cesare Mori, Fascism's hammer of criminality in Sicily from 1924 to 1929. Mori used rough tactics, massive round-ups and arrests—more than 11,000—against suspect *mafiosi*. However, crime continued in its characteristic Sicilian way.

This book is an oddly lopsided sandwich built round a doctoral thesis on Mori's career in Sicily. It suffers from an overdose of the Oxford positivist approach to history (it is dedicated to the thesis supervisor Denis Mack Smith), and arguments are tied slavishly to documents and literary quotations. This presents particular difficulty in dealing with a rural society and criminality whose tradition is oral. According to the chief magistrate in the Palermo prosecutions, Giovanni Falcone, this is what makes it difficult to map areas of mafia criminal influence on both sides of the Atlantic. The real oddity of the book is that, while it criticises many views on what the mafia is, it offers little clear definition itself.

Such a suggestive book as Dr Duggan's could do with serious re-editing and some decent maps before it goes to another edition. The author should be disabused that Istria, where Mori retired, is in "the far north-eastern corner of the peninsula". It is, in fact, north of the Dalmatian coast, and now in Yugoslavia ■

Fascism and the Mafia. Yale University Press, January 19, £19.95.

Robert Fox is Defence Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph.*

BEST BOOKS

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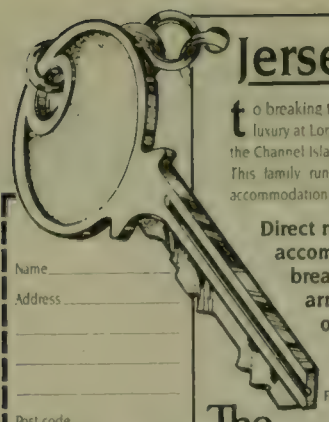
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The Dickens Index

by Nicolas Bentley, Michael Slater and Nina Burgis
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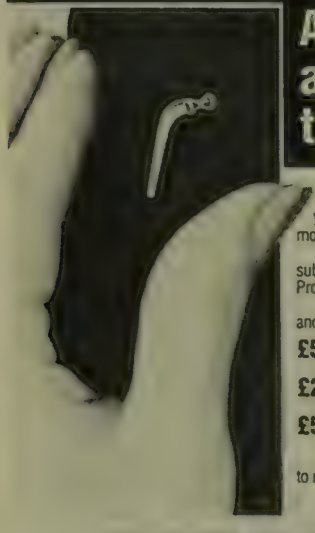
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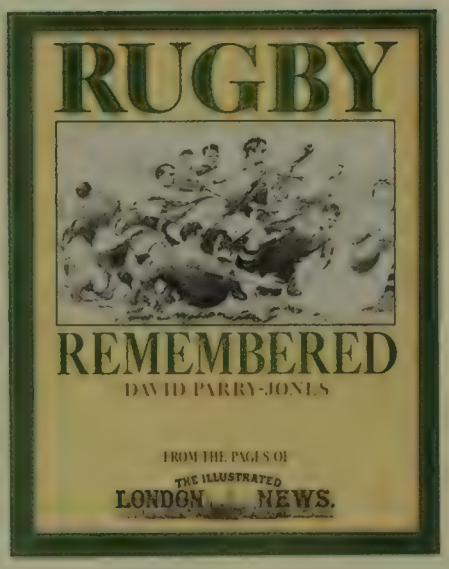
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A film aping life

NICHOLAS SHAKESPEARE

Michael Apted's new film *Gorillas in the Mist* records an American woman's obsession with apes



Sigourney Weaver as Dian Fossey, the woman who devoted her life to gorillas



The real Dian Fossey with "my gorillas" which she observed for 18 years

There is an African saying, "Thy beloved is the object thou lovest, were it even a monkey." Dian Fossey's troubles began the moment she set eyes on a Congolese gorilla in 1967. The 18 years she devoted to this endangered species (protecting them from poachers who lopped off head and hands to make ashtrays for Miami doctors) ended in 1985 with her violent and still unexplained murder. Largely thanks to her efforts the species survives.

Gorillas in the Mist is a good story and, by and large, a good film has come of it, though there are one or two unbelievably awful moments. Luckily, most of these happen early. Time will have to eradicate the memory of Dian (Sigourney Weaver) standing in a rose garden and gazing with gob-stopper eyes at the mountains from which she has been evicted, before uttering "Gorillas don't know borders . . . they don't need passports".

Sigourney Weaver's passport is stamped with a Rwandan visa after she meets the eminent zoologist Dr Louis Leakey, played by Ian Cuthbertson as an imperial buffoon. Her qualification for working with gorillas is an experience of handicapped children. She leaves her job and fiancé—seeing his photograph, it is not surprising as he looks like a bearded baboon—and catches a flight to Africa. She emerges wearing a crushed apricot shirt and gloves. "Why are there so many soldiers?" she asks. "I suppose it's because they're having some kind of civil war," Leakey replies, alerting us to the fact that this is a film in which the activities of human beings will be some way down the pecking order.

She sets off into the Virunga mountains with her faithful tracker Sembagare (magnificently played by John Omirah Miluwi, a member of the Mount Kenya rescue team). Still decked in crushed apricot, when she sees the hut where she will spend the first night, the ecstasy on her face is not convincing. Six weeks pass in the cottony mist without sight of a gorilla. Then she sits in some monkey muck. "It's fresh," smiles Sembagare, with an expression of great dignity. A few minutes later we catch sight of a silver-backed primate loping through trees like cage bars, and the film takes off.

> *It is a good story and a good film has come of it, though there are one or two awful moments . . . Whatever the director Michael Apted did to film the gorillas the viewer is left under a spell*

Whatever director Michael Apted did to film the gorillas—there is talk of a transmitter in Sigourney Weaver's ear, men dressed in ape suits and Chipperfield chimps—the viewer is left under a spell by sequences involving Dian's loved ones, or "my gorillas" as she possessively comes to see them. The headlong charges, the near-sexual unravelling of one black, furry hand into hers, and the sight of a gorilla clinging to a dead tree which is being chopped down by poachers are images as enduring as the scene in the rose garden. It is obviously Apted's intention to adapt the rule about dog-owners and make the celluloid Dian come to resemble the subjects of her study. In Sigourney Weaver he has perhaps chosen an actress who does not have to work hard to make the transition. The real problem is not her lifeless face but the way people fall for it, as in the tumultuous affair she conducts with Charles Dance lookalike, Bryan Brown (playing *National Geographic* photographer Bob Campbell).

One of the difficulties involved in making films about real people is that you must be faithful to the life as well as to the requirements of dramatising it. Sometimes fidelity to one means betrayal of the other. Thus it is all very well for the screen Dian to fall from the branches in love with Campbell, but not if the moment he bounds out of view we have to forget he ever existed. And on the subject of truthful recording, here is the real Dian on visiting the President of Zaire: "The palace was full of drunken wogs and their fat wives."

Salaam Bombay! comes to us having won prizes in Cannes and Montreal. It is a bustling story, with roots in *Oliver Twist* and *Les Enfants du paradis*, about a 10-year-old boy, Krishna, who finds himself immersed in the fleshpots of Bombay. Gaudy, crowded and diffuse, it is a film with all the unhurried seediness of street life; some of the most successful scenes are those which widen from close-up cameos into overhead shots of the city.

Krishna works as a tea-boy, befriends an opium addict ("a man who doesn't smoke hash is like a man without balls") and falls in love with a virgin whore. The story of how his green eyes widen into hash-coloured adulthood is mirrored by her defloration at the hands of the Fagin figure, Baba. Produced, directed and partly written by Mira Nair, *Salaam Bombay!* has the texture, smell and detailed pattern of a well-trodden carpet. The only thing that weighs it down is its length which, in the end, is what prevents it from flying ■

See listings for cinema details.

Nicholas Shakespeare is Literary Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*.

The complete Leonardo

JAMES HALL

Later this month the Hayward Gallery celebrates the artistic and scientific genius of Leonardo da Vinci

Leonardo da Vinci is the most vital, the most keenly alive of the Renaissance masters. This is not simply due to the inexhaustible range of his interests, but the way that none of these is ever allowed to exist in isolation: a curl of hair is related to an eddy of water, a skull to the dome of a cathedral. Moreover, the same piece of paper can play host to any number of different drawings, at various stages of completion, whose co-existence encourages us to make all kinds of associations. There is far less of the aloof perfection of Raphael, or the intimidating *terribilità* of Michelangelo. Typically, Freud had no hesitations about psychoanalysing Leonardo, despite the fact that there exists hardly any intimate biographical information. Yet when he turned to Michelangelo, about whom there are plenty of personal details, he hardly attempted psychoanalysis but, instead, spent the whole time quoting the dullest academic opinions. Leonardo could be looked at face to face but Michelangelo could be only glimpsed through a glass, darkly.

When one considers the uniqueness of Leonardo and the fact that this country has so much of his finest work, it is hard to believe that the Hayward's show, which opens on January 26, is the first in Britain for 30 years to present the whole range of his activities—artistic and scientific. At its heart are 88 drawings from the Royal Library, Windsor, supplemented by more than 30 others from European and American museums and private collections. Fifteen large-scale models derived from the drawings will reconstruct his mechanical and engineering projects. These include a spectacular flying machine with a 36-foot wing span, specially commissioned for the exhibition. Furthermore, computer-graphics sequences have been used for the first time to present his architectural projects and studies of geometry, and to show how perspective functions in his masterpiece *The Last Supper*.

The drawings have been divided into nine sections, though the categories inevitably overlap. The first includes a broad span of works so that a basic chronology can be drawn up: Leonardo began as an apprentice in Verrocchio's workshop in Florence (1469-76), then stayed in Florence until his move to Lodovico Sforza's court in Milan where he spent 17 years (1482-99). In later years his best patron was the French king, François I, who gave him a manor house near Amboise, in the Loire valley, where he died in 1519, aged 67.



Creation of a vision: spectacular flying machine after the design of Leonardo

The second section, The Ages of Man, is one of the most absorbing. It includes the famous study of a foetus in the womb (1510-12) and the profile of an old man (1512-14). Whereas the firmly modelled foetus swells in the womb like a plump, ripe fruit, the venerable old man with his flowing beard has been drawn with the most tremulous of touches—the ear and eye are barely indicated, suggesting the way that the senses make a gradual retreat from the outside world. Perhaps the most daring part is the impossibly crooked nose (it was originally intended to be much straighter) which curves almost into the old man's mouth. Nose and mouth are on the brink of closing each other down. It is one of the finest images of a benign fading away.

Next we have Leonardo's studies of plants and animals and the relationship he saw between earth and man. For Leonardo, rocks were like bones which could be clothed with a skin of soil. Bearing in mind the importance of this rhythmical relationship between the landscape and man, it is not surprising that Kenneth Clark, who studied Leonardo in the 30s, became such an admirer of the work of Henry Moore.



Detail from *Five Grotesque Heads*, *c*1490

> *Leonardo set about providing men with wings. That the machine is a dead duck, weighing 650 lb, is beside the point*

The following two sections are chiefly concerned with Leonardo's studies of the movement of water and include some of the incomparable Deluge drawings, made at the end of his life, which show an apocalyptic flood of water inundating a town in a valley. Though based on his minute observations of water movement, some are extremely stylised. One, in particular, is melodramatic; the dispassionate note written on it about the appearance of rainfall comes as an almost comic contrast to the visual pyrotechnics—Leonardo fiddling while Rome drowns?

The exhibition concludes with his studies of proportion, optical effects, geometry, architecture and designs for several kinds of mechanical device.

The test of a good exhibition is not whether it impresses art historians, but whether it impresses artists. It would be extremely valuable if Leonardo's emphasis on "experience, the mother of every certainty" was considered by every contemporary artist. For Leonardo, experience was an antidote to bookish academics who relied on precedent. Five hundred years after him our Post-Modern crossword-puzzle culture of quotations and arcane reference is at least as arid as anything the Middle Ages could dream up. Perhaps the huge model of his flying machine will emphasise the way in which Leonardo, not content simply to draw angels or work out how many of them could fit on a pin-head, set about providing men with wings. That the machine is a dead duck, weighing 650 lb, is beside the point: it is the ambition, the vision, that counts.

Do not be put off by the long queues that will form outside the Hayward because, while waiting, you can get into the spirit of the occasion: one of Leonardo's schemes (used later by the Surrealists) for finding inspiration was to "look at certain walls stained by damp". At last the stains that grace the concrete of the South Bank can be brought to life ■

See listings for exhibition details.

Spy talk

ALEX RENTON

Blessed by Alec Guinness, *A Walk in the Woods* takes a provocative stroll through the mind of a master spy

"To jaw-jaw," said Winston Churchill, "is better than to war-war." Two jaw-mongers, Andrey Botvinnik and John Honeyman, are the subject of Lee Blessing's Broadway hit, *A Walk in the Woods*, the dispiriting story of an interminable confrontation across a Geneva arms negotiation table. Blessing's message is that the jaw-war is about as static and much more lengthy than the Battle of the Somme, because neither side actually wants their man to win.

America and Russia, proposes the author, are too frightened of the moral and physical hole left in their national psyche by abandoning nuclear weapons to do anything more than keep up the pretence of trying. In the light of recent events, the argument is a little old-hat.

It is Alec Guinness's task, in his first London role for 10 years, to teach Edward Herrmann to reconcile himself to this sad fact. Herrmann plays Honeyman, a pushy American fresh in Geneva and armed with a new proposal from his government. Guinness is an old hand; he has seen out three previous American negotiators, largely through his disarming affability. "You're a very good negotiator," says Honeyman. "You can say 'No' longer than other people. You can say it with charm, so that we think you said 'Yes'. You say 'No' and do it well." Over the year of the play's action, during a number of walks in the Swiss woods, Botvinnik shows Honeyman that a well-delivered negative is the highest achievement he can hope for.

Two-handers almost invariably mean more talk than action, and in the theatre jaw-jaw often means snore-snore. It is to Blessing's credit that he dares let his play mirror its subject; just as nothing happens round the conference table in real life, nothing happens on the stage. The most active part is Robin Don's cleverly non-realistic woodland: wire trunks and fibreglass foliage are neatly lit by Rick Fisher to suggest the changing seasons.

The characters change rather less than the set. Honeyman's frustration grows, his President scuppers things by going public, but his eagerness is not diminished. Much more interesting is Botvinnik, approaching the end of his negotiating career and showing an alarmingly undiplomatic tendency to eccentricity.



ALASTAIR MUIR



Jaw-mongers: Alec Guinness as a Russian spy, with Edward Herrmann

Botvinnik wants to be friends with Honeyman, a proposition that frightens the American dreadfully. While Honeyman wants to talk shop, Botvinnik would like to discuss Babe Ruth and sleeping with black women. "I need some seriousness," says Honeyman, "our governments deserve it." "If you stay here long enough," says Botvinnik, "you'll realise that the only thing you'll be able to enjoy is a totally meaningless conversation."

There is a hint, not unpleasant, of *Waiting for Godot* in the play's thesis: the point of the negotiators is not that they do anything, just that they be there. They are on stage because the super-powers asked them to exist. It is when Blessing gets elliptical that the play works best—having characters deliver such aphorisms as "Formality is simply anger with its hair combed".

> *It is a performance of genius . . . as usual the great man has created a character who exists far beyond the material*

For all its topicality it would be hard to pretend that the play would be anything more than a short-lived snore without Guinness. Not that his job is that hard: the part is made for his gruff, laid-back self, and the audience, outrageously sycophantic, applauds every twinkle in his eye, every precisely-delivered laugh-line. Guinness behaves impeccably and underplays as though he is hardly needed on stage.

It is a performance of genius, and, as usual, the great man has created a character who exists far beyond the material. That he does not make the material itself look impossibly slight is an act of pure charity ■

See listings for theatre details.

The capital list

Theatre

A discerning guide to entertainment in the city

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

'Allo,'Allo. The big hit stage version of the TV comedy series once again scripted by Jeremy Lloyd & David Croft. Gordon Kaye heads the cast as the trouble-prone René. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373).*

Bartholomew Fair. Richard Eyre directs Ben Jonson's classic tale. A display cabinet of characters, full of colour but devoid of purpose. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC).* REVIEWED DEC, 1988.

The Bite of the Night. Howard Barker's tale of how Dr Savage (Nigel Terry), a classics teacher at a defunct university, absconds with a student (David O'Hara) on a surreal journey to the 11 Troys of antiquity. Weird but only fitfully wonderful. *The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, CC).*

Brigadoon. Good, strong voices & ambitious choreography almost save this confused & sentimental story. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, 828 4735, CC).*

Budgie. Musical based on the popular TV series. Stars Adam Faith as the garrulous cockney rogue, & Anita Dobson (ex-EastEnder) as Hazel. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2 (379 5299, CC).*

Can-Can. Cole Porter's high-kicking musical, set among the Parisian *demi-monde* of the 1890s, stars the "Queen of Broadway" Donna McKechnie, Milo O'Shea & Bernard Alane co-star. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, CC).*

The Churchill Play. Howard Brenton's passionate defence of democracy, written in 1974, gets a long-overdue revival. Barry Kyle directs. *Barbican.*

Divine Gossip. Stephen Lowe's musical comedy celebrates the highs of Paris low-life in 1929. Barry Kyle directs. *The Pit, Barbican.*

Electra. Sophocles's tragedy stars Fiona Shaw as Electra & David O'Hara as Orestes in the first RSC production of a Greek play at the Barbican. Deborah Warner is the director. *The Pit, Barbican.*

Henceforward. Alan Ayckbourn's latest play (his 34th) asks the question: is life – let alone love—with a creative artist really worth the effort? Ian McKellen plays Jerome, a talented composer, & Jane Asher is his estranged wife. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, CC).*

The Magic Olympical Games. "Naughty wizards & nonsense songs!" Written by ex-Goodie Graeme Garden & directed by Ken Campbell: for six- to 11-year-olds. *Olivier, National Theatre.*

The Magician's Nephew. Adapted by Glyn Robbins from the book by C. S. Lewis. Two children discover a secret world in their uncle's attic. *Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, CC 379 4444).*

Making History. New play by Brian Friel based on the life of Hugh O'Neill (the Earl of Tyrone), leader of a rebellion against Elizabeth I. A Field Day Theatre Company production, starring Stephen Rea & directed by Simon Curtis. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

Measure for Measure. Riveting performances from Roger Allam, Josette Simon & Sean Baker are complemented by crisp cameos from Linda Spurrier (Mistress Overdone) & Phil Daniels (Pompey). Nicholas Hytner maximises the comic element of the play, which is propelled into the 20th century to powerful effect. *Barbican.*

Mrs Klein. Nicholas Wright's excellent drama (based on fact) of how a leading psychoanalyst comes to terms with the death of her son transfers from the National for an extended run. Peter Gill directs; Gillian Barge is formidable as Mrs Klein. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663).*

Orpheus Descending. The Peter Hall Company's inaugural production is a revised version of Tennessee Williams's *Battle of Angels*, about a wild-spirited boy who creates havoc when he wanders into a conventional community in the Deep South. Stars Vanessa Redgrave & Marc Barr. *Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, CC).*

A Question of Geography. In a Siberian gulag, one month before Stalin's death, an exile (Harriet Walter) is reunited with her son (Linus Roache) after 15 years. Co-written by John Berger & Nella Bielski & directed by John Caird. *The Pit, Barbican.*

School for Clowns. Ken Campbell's translation of F. K. Waechter's comedy about the adventures of four trainee clowns. "Suitable for adults who never grew up." Until Jan 14. *Lilian Baylis Theatre, Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, CC).*

The Secret of Sherlock Holmes. Spin-off from the highly-rated TV series, with Jeremy Brett donning the deerstalker to make elementary work of the most complex cases Holmes ever faced. Edward Hardwicke co-stars as Watson. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (867 1116, CC 867 1111).*

The Secret Rapture. David Hare's play concentrates on the differing ways two sisters (Penelope Wilton & Jill Baker) come to terms with the death of their father. A difficult evening. Howard Davies directs. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

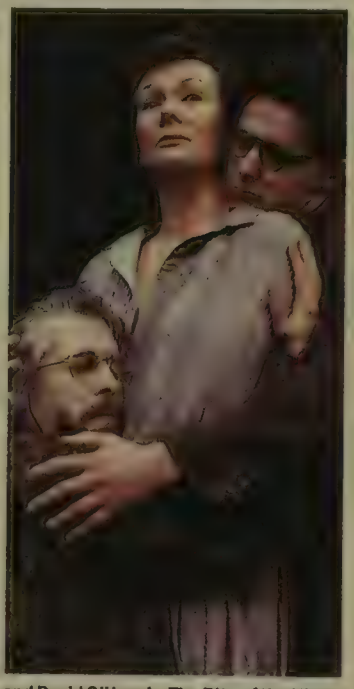
The Shaughraun. Spirited production of Dion Boucicault's 1870s melodrama. Howard Davies directs, Stephen Rea stars as the vagabond. *Olivier, National Theatre.* REVIEWED JULY, 1988.

Single Spies. New double bill from Alan Bennett. *An Englishman Abroad* the true story of Guy Burgess's meeting with actress Coral Browne in Moscow in 1958 stars Simon Callow & Prunella Scales & is directed by Bennett. *A Question of Attribution* is based on an incident in the life of Anthony Blunt. Bennett stars, Callow directs. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

The Sneeze. Collection of humorous one-act plays & short stories by Chekhov, newly translated & adapted by Michael Frayn. Ronald Eyre directs a talented cast including Timothy West &







Jeremy Brett stars in *The Secret of Sherlock Holmes*, and Sean Baker in the musical comedy *Divine Gossip*. Nigel Terry, Diane Fletcher and David O'Hara in *The Bite of the Night*

Not to be missed

Leonardo da Vinci at the Hayward; the film Mapantsula

Stay clear of

Tom Cruise as an oafish barman in the film Cocktail

Rowan Atkinson. *Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, CC).*

The Taming of the Shrew. Brian Cox & Fiona Shaw battle it out as Petruchio & Katherine in Jonathan Miller's production. *Barbican.*

A Walk in the Woods. Russian & American statesmen find the best way to reach a compromise is through informality. Several walks in the woods provide the inspiration for a major disarmament agreement. Impressive cast includes Alec Guinness & Edward Herrmann. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, CC 839 1438).* REVIEW ON P67.

The Wizard of Oz. John Kane's adaptation of the movie screenplay aims to please adults & children alike. Directed by Ian Judge & choreographed by Sheila Falconer. *Barbican.*

First nights

Fuente Ovejuna. Lope de Vega's stirring 17th-century tale of a Spanish village that rebels against its tyrannical military ruler, adapted by Adrian Mitchell. Opens Jan 10. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC).*

Re: Joyce. After a brief break, Maureen Lipman returns to play Joyce Grenfell in this affectionate tribute from one funny woman to another. Excerpts from the comedienne's monologues & letters are used to tell her life story. Opens Jan 9. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2 ([illegible] 2238).*

Richard III. Derek Jacobi, as the "body king", leads an exceptionally strong company (including Pete Postlethwaite, Malcom Mudie & Malcolm Tierney). Clifford Williams directs. Opens Jan 19. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, CC 240 9661).*

The Wars of the Roses. Welcome return of Michael Pennington's English Shakespeare Company for a spirited, often controversial rendition of the history plays. Opens mid-Jan. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, CC 261 1821).*

Stayers

Beyond Reasonable Doubt, *Queen's (734 1166);* **Cats,** *New London (405 0072);* **Chess,** *Prince Edward (734 8951);* **Follies,** *Shaftesbury (379 5399);* **42nd Street,** *Drury Lane (836 8108);* **Les Liaisons Dangereuses,** *Ambassador's (836 6111);* **Me & My Girl,** *Adelphi (836 7611);* **Les Misérables,** *Palace (434 0909);* **The Mousetrap,** *St Martin's (836 1443);* **The Phantom of the Opera,** *Her Majesty's (839 2244);* **Run For Your Wife,** *Criterion (867 1117);* **Starlight Express,** *Apollo Victoria (828 8665);* **Sugar Babies,** *Savoy (836 8888).*

Fringe

The Fatherland. Family life under apartheid is the subject for Murray Watts's latest drama. Three brothers one a freedom fighter, one who is doing well under the system & one who doesn't care—make attempts to come to terms with conditions in a Soweto community. A Bush Theatre production, directed by Brian Stirner. Opens Jan 18. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, CC).*

A Man With Connections. Aleksandr Gelman's touching story of a middle-aged Russian couple facing up to important decisions about their future was a sell-out at Edinburgh last year. Stars Bill Paterson & Marty Cruickshank; directed by Jenny Killick. A Traverse Theatre production. Opens Jan 6. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, CC).*

The Relapse. Sir John Vanbrugh's earthy 1696 satire, widely regarded as the funniest of the Restoration comedies, stars Kate O'Mara & Roy Marsden; Peter Woodward produces. *Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568).*

Smelling a Rat. New comedy from the caustic Mike Leigh (recent prize-winner at the Venice Film Festival for his movie *High Hopes*) stars Eric Allan, Brid Brennan, Timothy Spall & Saskia Reeves. *Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9224).*

Sticky Fingers. Set on a council estate in Peckham, Michael Ellis's new musical examines the tensions created in a black family when financial success beckons. *King's Head, 115 Upper St, N1 (226 1916).*

Three Men Naked From the Waist Down. Musical comedy about three alternative comedians desperate for TV stardom. Opens Jan 10. *Donmar Warehouse, 42 Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230).*

The Woman In White. Melissa Murray's adaptation of the novel by Wilkie Collins ("the first great mystery thriller in the English language"), with Helena Bonham-Carter. A female amateur detective discovers dirty deeds in English suburbia. Until Jan 21. *Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755).*

Cinema

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times.

Bird (15). Moving portrait of the great jazz saxophonist Charlie "Bird" Parker, directed by Clint Eastwood with a bravura performance from Forest Whitaker. Despite the magic of the music, we are never allowed to forget that the man's life was dominated by heroin. Diane Venora is excellent as his endlessly patient wife.

Blue Jean Cop (18). Peter Weller (*Robocop*), cast against type as a gentle lawyer, teams up with grizzled detective Sam Elliott to root out corruption in the New York Police Department. Above-average thriller, written & directed by James Glickenhaus.

Cocktail (15). Barman Tom Cruise mixes women as confidently as he does drinks in this charmless adventure, set in New York & Jamaica. His outdated portrayal of a working-class hero—fist-swinging, sexist & oafish—fails to hold Heywood Gould's wispy plot together. Opens Jan 20.

Dead Ringers (18). Jeremy Irons gives a measured performance as identical gynaecologist brothers in David (*The Fly*) Cronenberg's latest journey into the macabre. Opens Jan 6. *Odeon Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111).*

Gorillas in the Mist (15). Sigourney Weaver goes ape in the African mountains in this biopic of American natural-







Ian McKellen plays a talented composer in Ayckbourn's *Henceforward.* Clare Higgins and Jill Baker in David Hare's *The Secret Rapture.* Maureen Lipman *Re: Joyces* again

The capital list

ist Dian Fossey. Opens Jan 27. *Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791 cc 439 1534).* REVIEW ON P65.

Hellbound (18). 60 gallons of blood, 40 gallons of slime & three gallons of vomit went into this sequel to *Hellraiser*. Written & directed by Clive Barker . . . all in the best possible taste.

High Spirits (15). Neil Jordan (*Company of Wolves*) directs an impressive cast—Peter O'Toole, Steve Guttenberg, Daryl Hannah & Ray McAnally among them—in a frantic adventure set in a haunted Irish castle. With such a great pedigree, it's disappointing that the film is so bland; the action & humour are barely on a par with an episode of *Scooby Doo*.

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne (15). Brian Moore's brooding novel gets the big-star treatment, with Maggie Smith perfect as the lonely spinster who falls for con-man Bob Hoskins. Veteran Jack Clayton (*Room at the Top, The Great Gatsby*) directs. REVIEWED DEC, 1988.

Mapantsula (15). Effective story of the gradual politicisation of a black South African wide-boy, scripted by & starring Thomas Mogotlane. Told with humour and compassion, this is the best film yet about the country's problems. Opens Jan 13. *Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0757); Screen on the Green, 83 Upper St, N1 (226 3520).*

Red Heat (18). Preposterous stab at infusing an otherwise orthodox thriller with a *glasnost* theme, has Arnold Schwarzenegger as a Soviet cop joining forces with Chicago counterpart James Belushi to hunt down a gang of international drugs dealers. Director Walter Hill invests proceedings with strong homo-erotic undercurrents. Opens Jan 13. *Odeon West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 5252); Odeon Marble Arch, W1 (723 2011).*

Salaam Bombay! (15). Beautifully-filmed odyssey into the murky underworld of modern Bombay, where hundreds of homeless children are forced to live on the streets. Mira Nair's first feature draws distinguished performances from unknown child actors & was justifiably among the prize-winners at Cannes. Opens Jan 27. *Chelsea Cinema, 206 King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742).* REVIEW ON P65.

Souvenir (15). German ex-soldier Christopher Plummer returns to the French village where he was stationed during the war & discovers he may have unwittingly played a part in a massacre there. Too many coincidences sap the plot's credibility, but Plummer gives it his all. Opens Jan 6. *Cannons Chelsea, 297 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096); Haymarket, W1 (839 1527); Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).*

Stand & Deliver (15). Top marks for this true story of a teacher's struggle to teach advanced calculus to a class of underprivileged kids in the Latin quarter of Los Angeles. Edward James Olmos stars as the remarkable Jaime Escalante. Directed by Ramon Menendez. REVIEWED NOV, 1988.

Sunset (15). The Western continues to make a revival with this tale of the embryonic Hollywood film industry's attempt to bring the story of Wyatt Earp to the silver screen—with Earp himself as "technical advisor". James Garner as Earp & Bruce Willis as Tom Mix deal manfully with a laboured script. Blake Edwards directs.

Veronico Cruz (15). A brave & controversial Anglo-Argentinian co-production about a boy who grows up in a village in north-western Argentina, only to end his life on the *General Belgrano* during the Falklands war. Director Miguel Pereira skilfully avoids partisanship. Excellent. REVIEWED NOV, 1988.

Who Framed Roger Rabbit (PG). Spielberg's $48 million blockbuster mixes cartoon characters & live action in a way never before attempted. Starring Bob Hoskins as a down-&-out private eye, & animated by Richard Williams. REVIEWED DEC, 1988.

Young Guns (15). Pistol-packing brat-packers Charlie Sheen, Emilio Estevez, Lou Diamond Phillips & Keifer Sutherland re-write the story of Billy the Kid with sardonic 80s humour. Opens Jan 6. *Cannons Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636); Haymarket; Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).*







Schwarzenegger plays a Soviet cop in *Red Heat*. Mario Sironi's *The Family*, 1929, at the Royal Academy and Jane Norris's *The Scapegoat* at the Commonwealth Institute

Exhibitions

Opening

CADOGAN CONTEMPORARY
108 Draycott Ave, SW3 (581 5451).

Aurora Bengoechea & Richard Anthony Webb. Two recent graduates from the Royal College of Art. Bengoechea uses thick weaves of colour on a variety of themes: Webb concentrates on figurative work. Jan 9-Feb 4. Mon-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

The Cactus Plant. Photographs by Peter Gardner & paintings by Jane Norris inspired by the people of Israel & the occupied Palestinian territories. The title has two-fold meaning: Israelis refer to themselves as being cactus-like, prickly on the outside but sweet inside; & Palestinians always planted cactus hedges around their villages, plants which continue to sprout through bulldozed rubble. Jan 12-22. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm Sun 2-5pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY
South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Leonardo da Vinci. First large-scale exhibition of Leonardo's work in this country for 30 years includes drawings lent by the Queen & a 36-foot model of a flying machine based on his designs. Jan 26-Apr 16. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. £4, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £2. PREVIEW ON P66.

ROYAL ACADEMY
Piccadilly, W1 (439 7438).

Italian Art in the 20th Century. There has recently been a huge growth of interest in modern Italy, fuelled by news of the *sorpasso*—Italy overtaking Britain as the world's fifth largest industrial economy. The work of 45 artists, from 1900 to the present, gives British audiences the first opportunity to assess their considerable artistic achievement. We are familiar with the Futurists, De Chirico & Modigliani, but in the last 20 years other Italians (Kounellis, Cucchi, Clemente) have been fêted on the international art scene. Their work has a visionary quality, best compared to Italian cinema of the 60s & 70s. Not to be missed. Jan 14-Apr 9. Daily 10am-6pm. £4, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm. £2.70.

SERPENTINE GALLERY
Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075).

Word & Image. Personal selection by art historian Andrew Brighton from the work of Francis Bacon & others, each shown anonymously with a poetry quotation chosen by the artist. Jan 18-Feb 24. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Still showing

BARBICAN

Barbican Centre, EC2 (638 4141).

Images of France: Part II. Soft Art. 50 large textile sculptures by eight contemporary French artists. Mainly abstract, they range from Daniel Graffin's *Cell Structures in Cloth* to Esther Hess's *Floating Sails*. Until Jan 25.Concourse Gallery. Daily noon-7.45pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Art in the Making: Rembrandt. Recent analysis has revealed new information about Rembrandt's methods. Until Jan 17. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Lawrence of Arabia. On the centenary of Lawrence's birth, this comprehensive collection of material sheds some light on the man behind the myth. Until Mar 12. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £2.50, concessions £1.50. REVIEWED DEC, 1988.

Helmut Newton: Portraits. Famous faces like Elizabeth Taylor, Mick Jagger, Mickey Rourke & Charlotte Rampling. Until Feb 12. £1, concessions 50p.

Alice Springs Portrait Photographs. Mrs Helmut Newton's studies of David Bailey, Anthony Burgess & others are a ascinating contrast. Until Feb 12. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

t Steir. 50 prints by the celebrated ew Yorker, each interpreting the rld through the eyes of other artists. til Feb 12. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, n 2-5.50pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

Classics

BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891, CC).

Cécile Ousset. Three recitals by the French pianist in which works by Chopin are juxtaposed with others by Ravel, Debussy & Dutilleux. Jan 11, 7.45pm. Jan 22,29, 3pm.

Pierre Boulez. A major retrospective of the work of France's most eminent composer. Five evening & two lunchtime concerts given by the BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer, the Ensemble InterContemporain, under Peter Eötvös & Bernard Wambach, piano. Jan 15-19.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800, CC).

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Libor Pešek conducts Schoenberg, Mozart, Haydn & excerpts from Berg's *Wozzeck*. Jan 17, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Simon Rattle conducts Schoenberg's orchestral arrangement of Brahms's Piano Quartet in G minor & Janáček's Glagolitic Mass. Jan 18, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Two concerts under Semyon Bychkov. Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Jan 19, 7.30pm. Ives, Elgar, Dvořák, Jan 22, 3.15pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts Shostakovich's Symphonies No 2 & 13 & Piano Concerto No 1, Jan 22; Symphonies No 9 & 5, Jan 24, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts two performances of Schoenberg's Gurrelieder, with Sharon Sweet, Alfreda Hodgson, John Mitchinson, & Hans Hotter as Sprecher. Jan 28,29, 7pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre.

The Mozart Experience. A weekend of performances & talks devoted to the music Mozart composed in 1791, including *The Magic Flute*, to be given at the final concert. With Early Opera Project, London Classical Players & Schütz Choir of London, under the artistic direction of Roger Norrington. Jan 6-8.

Schubertiade. Four concerts devised by the German baritone Hermann Prey, with the Britten String Quartet & Imogen Cooper, piano. Jan 9-12.

Nash Ensemble, conducted by Lionel Friend, perform Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. Jan 17, 7.45pm.

Brodsky String Quartet. First three of five recitals devoted to Shostakovich's String Quartets. Jan 19,21,30, 7.45pm.

Lontano. Odaline de la Martinez conducts Boulez's *Le Marteau sans maître*, & works by Gerhard & Martland. Jan 31, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Square, SW1 (222 1061).

Lunchtime concerts. Gabrieli Quartet; Jan 9. Adrienne Csengery, mezzo-soprano, Judith Pearce, flute, Marcia Crayford, violin, Roger Chase, viola; Jan 16. Imogen Cooper, piano; Jan 23. Erich Gruenberg, violin, Daniel Adni, piano; Jan 30, 1pm.

Lontano. Odaline de la Martinez directs a programme of instrumental & electronic works by the Finnish composer Kaija Saariaho. Jan 17, 7.30pm.

Opera

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, CC 240 5258).

Christmas Eve. Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy tale opera based on a short story by Gogol. Cast includes Cathryn Pope, Edmund Barham & John Connell; David Pountney produces. Dec 17,20,22,29,31, Jan 4,7,11,13.

The Mikado. Jonathan Miller's larky 20s production bounces back. The role of Yum-Yum is shared by Susan Bullock & Janis Kelly, Nanki-Poo by Bonaventura Bottone & Harry Nicoll. Dec 19,21,23,30, Jan 5,14,17,19,21,26.

La Bohème. Rosamund Illing sings Mimi for the first time for ENO & Nancy Gustafson makes her company début as Musetta. Jan 6,12,18,20,25,28.

Lear. British première of Aribert Reimann's opera based on Shakespeare & first performed in Germany in 1978. Paul Daniel conducts a cast headed by Monte Jaffe in the title role; Eike Gramss produces. Jan 24,27,31.







Monte Jaffe sings the king in ENO's première of Aribert Reimann's opera *Lear*. Chanda Sharma in the film *Salaam Bombay!* Pierre Boulez gets a Barbican celebration

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, CC).

Semele. Charles Mackerras conducts. Yvonne Kenny sings the title role, with Kathleen Kuhlmann as Ino & Juno, & Anthony Rolfe Johnson as Jupiter. Dec 22,28,30, Jan 3,7.

Rigoletto. Nuria Espert's production, with Brent Ellis singing the title role, June Anderson as Gilda, Neil Shicoff as the Duke of Mantua. Dec 23,26,29, Jan 4.

Die Fledermaus. Sung in English in a new version by John Mortimer & produced by John Cox. Carol Vaness & Thomas Allen head the cast. Hungarian conductor Adam Fischer makes his house début. Jan 9,13,16,19,21,24.

Madama Butterfly. Set in a Nagasaki tenement in the 40s; Japanese soprano Yoko Watanabe is Cio-Cio-San & Mario Malagnini is Pinkerton. Mark Ermler conducts. Jan 23,26,28,31.

The capital list

Dance

Les Petits Rats. The National Youth Music Theatre's production uses drama & dance to tell the story of the Romantic ballet movement in Paris in 1840. Directed by Jeremy James Taylor & Mark Pattenden. Jan 4-28. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, CC).*

London Festival Ballet. Peter Schaufuss's lush production of *The Nutcracker*. Jan 2-7, 9-14. *Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 8800, CC).*

London International Mime Festival. Biggest festival of its kind in the world, in venues throughout the capital. Highlights include Tag Teatro, a colourful company from Venice in the Purcell Room, South Bank, & Dereck Dereck's production of *The Vinegar Works* at the Almeida Theatre, N1. Jan 17-29. (Info: 637 5661).

Royal Ballet. *Cinderella*, Ashton's upbeat ballet with a score by Prokofiev. Jan 2,5,6,10,12,14. *Romeo & Juliet*, Kenneth MacMillan's much-loved version. Jan 17 (gala) 18,20,25,27,30. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, CC).*

Spanish Fiesta. Includes *Dance & Song from the South* by Massenet, flamenco & guitar. Jan 4. *Barbican, EC2 (638 8891).*

Rock

Big Country. Having done their bit for *glasnost* on a recent trip to Moscow, the melodic guitar rockers attempt to rekindle interest at home. Jan 23,24. *Hammersmith Odeon, W6 (748 4081).*

Bros. The Goss twins keep the tradition of teenybop gig hysteria alive, & prove to the world they can actually play their instruments. Jan 13,14. *Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234, CC741 8989).*

Eric Clapton. Major tour from the blues hero—far from clapped-out. Jan 20-22, 24-26, 28-30. *Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212).*

Level 42. Hard-working funk outfit, fronted by bass virtuoso Mark King, back after three months touring abroad. Jan 9-12. *Wembley Arena.*

Jazz

George Coleman. Hard bop original (ex-Miles Davis Quintet) displays his distinctive tenor style. Jan 2-16. *Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith St, W1 (439 0747).*

Contemporary Music Network. Jack De Johnette on drums & piano, & John Surman on reeds, perform modern compositions, punctuated with sparky improvisation. Jan 24. *Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 8800, CC).*

Albert Manglesdorff. Virtuoso German trombonist on a rare visit to Britain. Jan 9-12. *Bass Clef, 85 Coronet St, N1 (729 2440).*

Jim Mullen Quartet. Lively guitar-led jazz-funk. Jan 15. *Bass Clef.*

Royal Ellington Concert. The Bob Wilbur All Star Big Band, with singer Joanne Horton, pay tribute to "The Duke" in the presence of the Princess Royal. Jan 23. *Festival Hall, South Bank.*

After Dark

Please phone to confirm details.

Dance Chase. Varied music keeps the dance floor packed—everything from hip-hop to Afro-jazz. Drinks at pub prices. Saturdays. *The Alexandra, 14 Southside, SW4.*

Feet First. DJ Eko keeps things "alternative but dancey", which means the likes of T Rex, the Cult & Transvision Vamp. Tuesdays. *The Palace, 1a Camden High St, NW1 (387 0428).*

The Jester at the Castle Cabaret. Polemical stand-up is the staple at this up-&-coming alternative comedy venue. Wednesdays. *The Castle, 452 Finchley Rd, NW11 (485 2630).*

Jongleurs. Top-notch alternative variety club. Thur-Sun. *The Cornet, Lavender Gdns, SW11 (780 1151).*

National Poetry Society. Evening readings throughout the week. *21 Earl's Court Sq, SW5 (370 6929).*

The Wag. Trendiest dance club in town, with pricey restaurant ("open for dinner & breakfast") upstairs. *35-37 Wardour St, W1 (437 5534).*

List of the Month

London on Sunday

People are always complaining that there's nothing to do in the capital on a Sunday. The truth is, you just have to know where to look. Here are some ideas to help you while away the hours or occupy energetic offspring:

1 Brass Rubbing. Make your own knight in half an hour. London Brass Rubbing Centre, St Martin-in-the-Fields Church, WC2 (437 6023).

2 Film. The Ritzy cinema in Brixton is famous for its good-value double bills (737 2121).

3 First Steam Wind-Up of 1989. A chance for children & adults to test out a variety of steam engines at the London Toy & Model Museum, 21/23 Craven Hill, W2 (262 7905), Jan 29.

4 Free Speech. Speaker's Corner is still one of the most entertaining places to go on Sundays—despite its occasional hi-jacking by ranting fascists.

5 Lord Mayor of Westminster's New Year's Day Parade. Marching bands bring American razzmatazz to Oxford St & Piccadilly, Jan 1, 1pm.

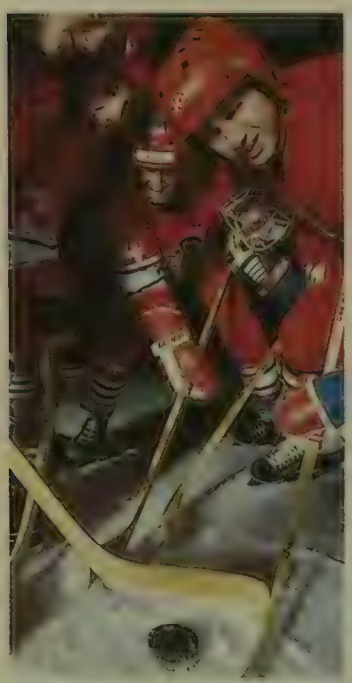
6 Museums & Art Galleries. A surprising number stay open. Particularly recommended: the Museum of the Moving Image (MOMI). It offers 50 exhibition areas showing the history of cinema & television, presented in a highly imaginative & entertaining way. South Bank, SE1 (928 3535), 10am-6pm. £3.25, concessions £2.50.

7 Music. The Barbican has regular Sunday lunchtime jazz concerts: entry free. Recommended this month: The Roger Bunn Quintet, Jan 15.

8 Shopping. Bargains galore at Camden Market, Camden High St, NW1, every Sun until 6pm.

9 Sport. Ice hockey is more popular than ever in this country, so why not catch up with the Streatham Redskins at Streatham Ice Rink, 386 Streatham High Rd, SW16, every other Sun, 7pm.

10 Walks. The traditional way to while away the hours. For fresh ideas, see Anton Powell's book *London Walks*. Guided Sunday walks are organised by Citisights, 145 Goldsmith's Row, E2 (739 2372), including Lundenwic—In Search of Dark Age London on Jan 29.







Sunday sport with the ice pack, Streatham Redskins. Join a Pathé film set at the Museum of the Moving Image. Or tune in to one of the loud speakers in Hyde Park

Other events

Antique & Collectors' Fair. One of the biggest fairs of its kind. Jan 15. *Alexandra Palace, N22 (883 7061).*

Holiday On Ice. This year's special celebrity is a skating Snoopy. Jan 24-Feb 19. *Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234).*

London International Boat Show. The annual gathering, where enthusiasts can catch up on the latest designs & gadgets. Power boats to sail boards. Jan 5-15. *Earl's Court, SW5 (385 1200).*

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Letter from Lafayette Street

GRAYDON CARTER, NEW YORK



There is every reason to believe that, by the end of President George Bush's first year in office, the United States' corporate debt will top $2 trillion—nearly $8,000 for every man, woman and child in America, and fully twice what it stood at in 1980, the year Ronald Reagan was sworn in as president.

Leveraged corporate takeovers —those effected with low-grade, high-yield, junk bonds of the sort popularised by Drexel Burnham Lambert's indicted suzerain, Mike Milken—alone account for more than $300 billion of the debt.

In the week of November's presidential election—and a little over a year after the stock-market plunged a record 500 points in a single day—a flurry of deals threatened to take corporate debt to frightening new heights. All at the same time, it seemed, enormous corporations were being gobbled up. Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts, the nation's most successful leverage buyout specialists, tendered a $20.43 billion offer for the 19th largest corporation in America, RJR Nabisco. Countering the KKR offer was a $20.9 billion bid by Nabisco executives, in association with Shearson Lehman Hutton, while yet another food giant, Pillsbury, faced an unwanted $5.2 billion takeover bid from the British firm Grand Metropolitan.

Investment banking *used* to be the hot way to vacuum up millions without ever really creating anything. Then it was mergers and acquisitions, and then risk arbitrage. Would-be instant millionaires have now discovered the leveraged buyout business, in which a company's executives, or outside individuals, return a public company to private status by buying back its shares from stockholders. More than 500 corporations have done so, using various leverage buyout techniques, over the past three years. In the first 10 months of 1988, 143 companies were "taken private" at a cost of $91 billion.

The undisputed king of this extravagantly lucrative field is Henry "Duddy" Kravis, 44, a socially-ambitious little fireball who is married to Carolyne Roehme, a putative fashion designer. Fixtures on New York's society circuit—a set in which manners, charm or even the ability to carry on a conversation matter almost nothing at all, so long as you have sufficient cash—Kravis recently donated $10 million to build a new wing for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the self-serving fashion of his fellow philanthropist, Donald Trump, the wing will be called the Henry A. Kravis wing.

Kravis's firm, Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts, was started 12 years ago by three defectors from Bear, Stearns. One of KKR's first deals was a takeover of a small concern called US Natural Resources for just $22 million. KKR has since acquired 35 companies of increasing magnitude. The 23 that KKR still control produce aggregate annual revenues sufficient to make KKR the seventh largest corporation in the US. The enormous responsibility for running these corporations is in the hands of two men, Kravis and his partner, George Roberts (Jerome Kohlberg left two years ago, displeased with the aggressive deals the firm was considering). Neither Kravis nor Roberts has ever run a manufacturing concern before; and, like all hustlers on their best behaviour, every once in a while the veridical Kravis breaks through the veneer of civility he has erected—often with diverting results. Recently, in the presence of a number of people, including *Harper's & Queen*'s Meredith Etherington-Smith, Kravis coolly informed William Norwich, a New York gossip columnist, that, if he wrote about him or his family again, he would break his kneecaps, or would at the very least know people who could accomplish this for him. This is the sort of man running American business.

What Kravis and his partner do seems grossly malignant, if manifestly simple. Here is how it works. On the Nabisco deal, say, KKR makes a down payment of $2 billion on the $20.3 billion purchase price. (The firm itself might provide only $20 million of the $2 billion—the rest would come from outside investors to KKR's fund.) The other $18 billion, secured by the target company's own assets, would come from loans—$12 billion to $13 billion from major banks, and the remaining $5 billion or $6 billion in Drexel-generated junk bonds. Interest on the debt, which in the RJR Nabisco deal would amount to at least $1 billion a year, would come out of the $1.2 billion in annual profits that Nabisco generates. As it has done in the past, KKR will undoubtedly move to sell off certain divisions to help finance the debt payments.

Often, though, junk bonds require no interest payments for five years. According to Morgan Stanley, about a quarter of all junk bonds extant are of this sort and, since junk bond mania hit its most frenzied pitch in the mid-80s, the first balloon payments on those buyouts will be due around the beginning of the 90s—just about the time economists expect the next recession to hit. That *is* something to look forward to.

The people who control Wall Street talk down worries of another crash by pointing out how much more stringent investment regulations are today. The Great Crash of 1929 came about, they say, because in those days anyone could get into the market by putting as little as five per cent down on a stock. The resulting safeguard—which is regularly waved about in an effort to allay fears—now requires investors to pay at least half of the value of the stock they are purchasing. How reassuring. Except that in 1989 it's the big investor who is buying on questionable levels of margin. In being able to effect its $20 billion takeover of RJR Nabisco by using just $20 million of its own cash, KKR is buying the block of stock by putting down just one-tenth of one per cent.

"The rules of prudent investing are being violated again and again," said Theodore Forstmann, a senior partner in Forstmann, Little & Co, at the time the Philip Morris-Kraft and KKR-Nabisco deals were announced. "Surely, when the history books are written, the reason so many investors bought these bonds will be the financial riddle of our age." Since Forstmann, Little is also a major player in the leveraged buyout game, much credence was given to his words. But, within a month of this warning, Forstmann, Little, announced that it was planning its own $26 billion-plus offer for RJR Nabisco.

There is one great difference between 1989 and 1929—the buildings put up on Wall Street during the go-go 80s are air-conditioned. Their windows don't open. Failed financiers in the coming year will simply have to find another way of doing away with themselves. ■



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